New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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on Moral Rearmament

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Reports from New York, Moscow, Turkey, Paris and Fleet Street

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The Long-Haired Fabian?

In finding the origin of Mau Mau in the policy of 'long range liberalism' and not in the economic and political conditions of the Kikuyu, the Corfield Report will bring great solace to all enemies of African independence. The central fact of Africa is that until very recently the white man who settled there regarded the millions of black men amongst whom he had chosen to live as conveniently available cheap brawn and muscle, to dig soil, carry bricks, make beds. He forced or cajoled the African away from his tribal lands into the new towns. But when the African wanted access to the social amenities of town life or to higher education, he was told he was too primitive to know how to use them. When he organised his people to bring political pressure, he became just a dangerous agitator.

This attitude, based on an industrial, social and political colour bar, crystallised into a specific political policy. It has been consistently followed in South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Kenya, and, until they threw in their hand, by the Belgians in the Congo. It is founded on the fallacy that it is possible to give the African enough economic opportunities for advancement to enable him to work in a factory, without thereby evoking political and social demands which must be either conceded or forcibly crushed.

The result of pursuing this policy in Kenya before 1952 was the outbreak of the Mau Mau revolt. The psychiatrist, Dr J. C. Carothers, asked by the Kenya government to analyse the causes of the outbreak, pointed out that the Kikuyu had come furthest of any tribe along the road to modernism, and then made this significant comment: 'But no matter what success (educational or monetary) they have achieved, they have still found that many doors remained as closed as ever to them'.

In contrast to this scientific assessment, Mr Frank Corfield concentrates mainly on the procrastination of the authorities in Kenya before 1952 in ignoring intelligence reports about increasing unrest among the Kikuyu. Mr Corfield speaks of 'the almost inevitable grievances which must accompany the rapid evolution of a primitive society', but he launches an attack on those in Britain who have consistently held that only a parallel evolution of political and social rights together with economic advance could lead to a peaceful transition towards a civilised life. The politician who aims at African emancipation is the devil of the piece. Mr McLeod, it follows, is as bad as Mr Fenner Brockway and the long-haired Fabians. This assessment will delight Group-Captain Briggs and perhaps be useful to Sir Roy Welensky – though he has from time to time made some dangerously progressive remarks. It will bring particular glee to Dr Verwoerd.

The Corfield report thus provides another catalyst of the conflicting policies in Africa. In South Africa, and in other areas where the number of white settlers is large, the effort is still being made to maintain exclusive white privileges and to deny the Africans the right to enter fully into the new modern life of their continent. In doing this the settlers risk the complete rejection by the African of the European and his way of life, with the accompanying risk that white settlement will be ended in a blood bath and that African society will be twisted into atavistic chauvinism. The Mau Mau revolt was conditioned by the circumstances of Kenya, but everywhere on the continent Africans who are given a glimpse, as they must be in the modern world, of the pleasures of civilisation, will revolt if the attempt is then made to push them back into darkness. The alternative for the European now is to accept as necessary and desirable that he should lose his privileged position. By a series of concessions which admit the economic, social and political rights of Africans, he may still hope to find them ready for friendly cooperation and glad to make use of his technical and scientific knowledge. The regions of Africa where the fear and jealousy of white settlers has not prevented this development have so far offered hope.

Comments on the Week's News

Turkey

The Background to the Coup

An Economic Correspondent comments: Mr Menderes's fall does not solve Turkey's problems or its allies' worries. It merely gives an opportunity for solving these problems, an opportunity which was firmly barred so long as Menderes's insane waste of money on sumptuous and useless projects endangered Turkey's solvency without contributing to its ultimate strength. Since Menderes's electoral victory in 1950, the basically sound policy initiated by Ataturk had been more and more abandoned. A vast army was kept in mobilisation without making any contribution (as it could have done) to the much needed capital investment in roads, schools, dams, irrigation and drainage. Even the compulsory land service, which had been a mainstay of Kemal's programme of reform, was demagogically discontinued. The government's industrialisation programme was disorganised and private speculative activity was given much greater scope. So long as a favourable weather cycle held and the import of vast numbers of tractors enabled the large land-owners to plough up huge tracts of semi-arid land, a picture of great prosperity and advance opened up. But tractors have to be maintained, and the substructure needed for this was simply non-existent. When the rain cycle turned and drought struck the land, erosion and exhaustion of the soil added to the catastrophe.

Menderes tried to counter ill fate by redoubling the stakes. Forests were decimated and fertility was further reduced. At the same time the Minister of Agriculture made plans for a further extension of cultivation and a considerable increase in the number of goats – because these two measures promised a quicker return in production for the growing population. But goats, by destroying forests and eating away bush and grass-cover, denude the hills and intensify erosion. So does the ploughing up of steppe exposed to wind. Thus two important threats to the long-term prosperity were to be intensified. The result was perpetual inflation and the exhaustion of exchange reserves at the time when the standard of life of the peasant and worker was being cut. The imposition by Turkey's allies of a savage deflationary policy added to the misery and hopelessness. The real threat is implicit in the fact that the Turkish-speaking Soviet citizens on the other side of the frontier have a standard of life which is nearly twice that of the mass of Anatolian peasants. Again, while the vast majority of the Turks in Turkey are illiterate and higher education (despite American efforts) is extremely scanty, there is little or no illiteracy among the Soviet Turks and their higher education is advancing at an astounding pace. Moreover, in Turkmenistan agricultural investment now rates a high priority amid an accelerating industrial development.

If Turkey is to remain a stable member of the various western military alliances, its economic structure must be made fit to take the strain. This will not be easy and at best will be exceedingly costly. The population of the country is increasing by perhaps 750,000 every year. Turkish agriculture could stand the strain of this only if it were based on modern irrigation. It would be physically possible to achieve this, but the experts of FAO have estimated that it would cost several billion dollars, even if the army took an active part in carrying the investment plans through. Without vast foreign help, the necessary programme could be carried out only by totalitarian planning and dictatorial enforcement. It is up to Turkey's allies to realise the extent of the challenge – and opportunity.

How the Turks Took It

A Special Correspondent reports: Seen from this country town of Nazilli, far from Ankara and Istanbul in the southwest of Turkey, this has been an extraordinarily quiet and peaceful coup. There is still a feeling of unreality in the air, with many people stunned and not quite sure whether to believe what has happened or how to react. There have been no demonstrations, few signs of violent feeling or excitement. People, especially the peasants from the countryside, are silent and fatalistic, gathering in crowds under the municipal loudspeakers to hear the regular news bulletins, or reading day-old newspapers. Only a few days ago Menderes looked strongly entrenched and successful in his tour of the provinces. Even in Aydin, a town a short distance from here which is Menderes's home, business appeared to be normal throughout last Friday morning. At midday, on a radio bulletin order, shops closed, buses stopped or were turned back at check points, and taxis disappeared from the main square. The evening curfew, with trains still running and only a small garrison in the town, has so far been something of a time for family celebrations, with neighbours visiting each other to discuss the news.

On the whole the main reaction has been a mixture of relief that the government has fallen with no bloodshed (except for the 17 Istanbul students) and a sceptical fear that, in spite of what he says, General Gursel will perhaps try to stay in power. The example of Iraq is in many minds. As it was put to me, many people would have preferred to see the public awakened to the danger around them and Menderes's government forced to resign by public opinion. What people urgently want is 'a true democracy'. The reduction in the freedom of the press since 1954, the imprisonment of journalists, the closing of opposition newspapers, and charges of election rigging and bribery by the Democratic Party have increased; and, with a possible general election this year, the late government's refusal to allow the opposition to hold political meetings, together with its plans to change the electoral laws, caused the uprising. Many people had begun to feel that Turkey under Menderes was rapidly becoming a police state.

Today, with a return to something like normal business, with cafés open and with trains, buses and taxis running as usual, hopes are on the whole running high. The announcement that all imprisoned journalists have been freed, that suppressed opposition newspapers will be allowed to publish, that universities will open again on 9 June and that a commission under the chairmanship of the Rector of Istanbul University, Siddik Sami Onar, who was apparently beaten up by the police on 28 April, will prepare a constitution for free elections, has for the moment reassured doubts.

Nazilli, 29 May

Moscow

The Marshal Speaks

Our Diplomatic Correspondent comments: On the face of it, Marshal Malinovsky's statement in Moscow on Monday represents by far the most serious outcome of the Summit collapse to date. He appears to be saying that commanders of strategic rocket sites have now received standing orders to destroy bases (whether on the territory of US allies, or even in the US itself) from which aircraft violating Soviet or satellite air-space have set off. It is difficult to take this literally. The provenance of incoming aircraft cannot be determined accurately (the bases used by the U-2 were learnt as a result of the pilot's admissions) and the Soviet leaders – who frequently deplore the lack of political control over US brass-hats – can hardly have handed over to comparatively junior commanders the right to decide on world war.

Malinovsky's warning seems to be aimed primarily at America's allies. Although Washington has publicly abandoned flights *across* Soviet territory, nothing has been said about the regular intelligence patrols maintained along the frontiers of the Communist bloc (nor is there any sign that work on the U-8, an advanced version of the U-2, which can fly at over 100,000 feet, has been cancelled). These, of course, are a constant source of accidental infringement of air space, as America's allies well know. The object of Malinovsky's speech may therefore be to persuade the allies to impose such watertight restrictions on US flights as to make any form of aerial espionage impossible. Norway has now imposed such terms, and Pakistan and Japan are expected to follow suit.

There are other disquieting aspects of Malinovsky's speech. A month ago, when he first announced the U-2's destruction, Mr Krushchev said that he personally had given the order to shoot it down. According to the Marshal, the new standing orders were issued by the Defence Ministry. Malinovsky then went on to say that the bitter lesson of Camp David had made it clear that the imperialist powers were still determined to destroy the Soviet Union, and were only prevented by the fear of reprisals. This is a strange gloss on Krushchev's novel dictum that war is no longer inevitable, and is much closer to the views which have been steadily proclaimed in Peking. None of this, of course, is evidence that Krushchev, and those who support the peaceful co-existence policy, are no longer in control. But it does seem to suggest that there has been a collective hardening of the Soviet line.

Hot and Cold

Our Moscow Correspondent reports: Condescending towards Eisenhower ('I believe he wants peace but the road to hell is paved with good intentions'), contemptuous of the American way of government ('. . . but that's their own affair'), minatory towards states which granted America military bases (his warning to them received one of the most vociferous ovations of the afternoon), Krushchev's speech in the Kremlin last Saturday was, in the circumstances, considered mild in diplomatic circles here. That in itself is an indication of how far East-West relations have

deteriorated. For, except for the scathing passages on Adenauer and Chang Kai-shek, hardly a line of the rest of the passages devoted to foreign affairs could have been spoken in the atmosphere that prevailed here before 5 May, the day the U-2 incident was made known to the Soviet people.

Krushchev was addressing a lively gathering of young men and women who roughly correspond to the shock workers and Stakhanovites of the 1930s. The leaders of teams of Communist Labour, they are looked on here as exemplary persons with one foot in the Communist future. It was not surprising then that they provided Krushchev with the most responsive audience that has ever faced him from the benches of the Great Kremlin Palace. They roared their approval of his handling of affairs in Paris, they chuckled when he acted the part of a lackey humbly accepting the apology of the *barin* who had struck him in the face – a delightful period piece of acting intended to convey the way Krushchev thought Eisenhower expected him to behave at that crucial Monday morning in Paris – they chanted defiance of the 'insolent imperialists'. But they listened in stony silence to Krushchev's heavily stressed announcement that the Soviet Union would resume nuclear tests if the Americans did, and this silence provided perhaps the only moment in the proceedings when one felt that this public had anything in common with men and women of their own age in Britain. Till that sombre moment they had been responding in a way most foreigners today would find incomprehensible to Krushchev's passionately felt assertions about the inviolability of Soviet sovereignty, his claim that no bomber would ever break through Soviet defences, that control without disarmament was espionage, that a deliberate infringement of Soviet air space could be a *casus belli*. This symptom of the Russian sensitiveness about encirclement is important to bear in mind. And now that Soviet policy appears to be aimed less at a solution of the Berlin and German problems than at the elimination of American overseas bases threatening Russia and her allies, we are probably going to see other manifestations of the campaign against the bases than Krushchev's threat to blow them up.

Saturday's speech came at the end of a week of intense party discussions from which a general line emerged that encourages one to think that between now and the end of the year no deliberate attempts will be made here to prepare the public for a return to Cold War conditions. Certainly, so far as Moscow is concerned, there is to be no curtailment of 'cultural exchanges' with the West. Ironically, during the past fortnight more American artists, tourists and scientific delegations have been in Moscow than ever before; and they have never been so successful and so demonstratively well received. But for the masses the surest sign that their leaders do not envisage a world crisis was Krushchev's news that the extra fillip that it was decided before the abortive Summit to give to consumer goods production is not to be cancelled.

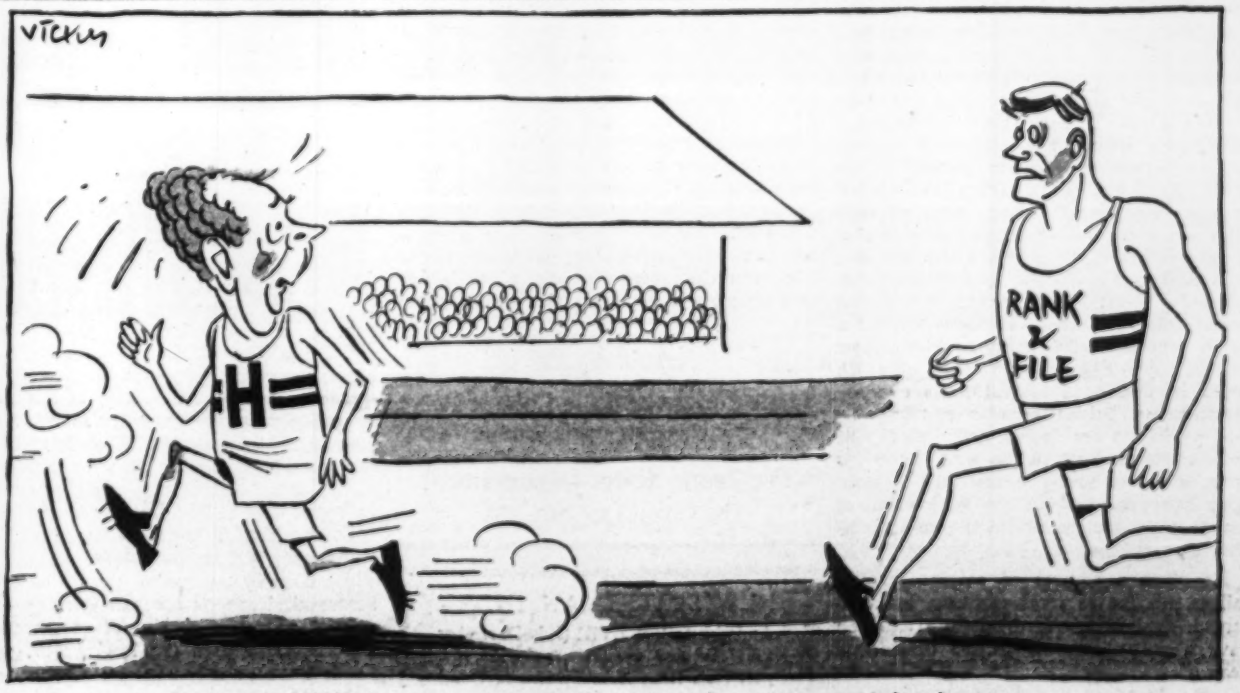
Paris

Waiting for Godot Again

Our Paris Correspondent reports: 'The ballot-paper is a weapon', M. Soustelle has stated, thus for once finding himself in agreement with the government on the importance of the local elections in Algeria. But it does not look as if this particular weapon will help France to beat the FLN. With each successive 'election' in Algeria, the army shows less and less enthusiasm in getting the Arab masses to vote. The figures speak for themselves: 78 per cent voted in the September 1958 referendum; 67 per cent in the parliamentary elections in November 1958; 62 per cent in the municipal elections in 1959; and only 58 per cent last Sunday. If the statements of the government are to be taken literally, and the FLN's popularity deduced from its ability to keep the Arabs from voting, then it must be said that in the last two years it has risen sharply. In fact, however, all these elections are farcical: they are simply an index of the army's willingness to stage them effectively. It is this which is on the decline.

Before the latest results were known, the leaders of the MRP, at their congress at Evian, made it plain that they considered it unlikely that the Algerian problem would be settled in this manner. Even ministers joined with the delegates in applauding speeches demanding talks with the FLN. The same day, M. Guy Mollet, on a visit to the Nièvre, declared that the Algerian war could not be ended by military means, and that the official Socialist Party favoured negotiations. But under the Fifth Republic, the attitudes of the parties have virtually no effect on the parliamentary position, and still less on government policy. They simply represent pious aspirations, which may conceivably influence General de Gaulle, if he is in the mood to take advice. The last word rests with him, and he is due to say it, this month, in a series of three speeches, one of which will be devoted to Algeria. Nobody knows what he will decide, but Mr Krushchev's latest speech, which contained a violent and unexpected attack on French policy in Algeria, may serve to remind him that time is not on his side, and that *immobilisme* is not a policy.

While waiting for the oracle to utter, the delegates at Evian, and indeed everyone else in France, have a much more down-to-earth worry: how to get home from work. National and local transport is now being paralysed by a series of lightning and rotating strikes. One day, the railwaymen at Lyon and the underground men between Neuilly and Vincennes are out; the next day it's the turn of the permanent staff at the Montparnasse station and several bus-routes. Nobody knows in advance what will happen next – unless the intransigence of sheer inertia of the government provokes a general transport strike, which will at least have the negative merit of making all commuters equal. The fact is that real wages have fallen by seven per cent in the last 12 months, and the lower paid workers are beginning to feel it. The transport workers have now given a sign that the cease-fire on the industrial front – imposed by political apathy and de Gaulle's prestige – is over. Next week, the steelworkers will stage a week's warning strike. Slowly, the unions are waking up.



'I don't care if I HAVE been lapped.. I'm leading aren't I . . .'

Fleet Street

Irrelevant Newspapers

Those readers of the British press who find it difficult – and who does not – to get any coherent picture of what is happening in the world from a close study of popular journalism may be interested in a blast against international reporting methods published under the title 'America's Irrelevant Newspapers' in the current issue of the Columbia University *Forum*. The blast, it is true, is directed against the American press but it applies equally to the British. More so, indeed if anything – and at both ends of the scale. There is nothing in British journalism like the comprehensive and detailed – almost too detailed – coverage of serious world news daily provided by the *New York Times*. Compared with it, the London *Times* is merely a rather scruffy and on occasions rather oddly chosen collection of random jottings and the *Guardian* a gracefully written collection of essays on some subjects of importance. As a paper of record the *New York Times* is, in fact, unapproached: the nearest any British paper comes to it on a smaller scale – and that is not very near – is probably the *Telegraph*. Lower down the information scale, few American popular newspapers, it is true, provide their readers with anything faintly resembling an adequate survey of what is happening outside their own immediate circulation areas. But no unbiased judge is likely to fault them much when compared with their British counterparts.

The Columbia University *Forum* attack is mounted by Mr Arnold Berchman, who in his time has reported from practically every great city in the world for journals as various as the *New York Times* and *New York Post* (of which he was an editor), the *New Republic* and *Newsweek*. He is currently a special correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He has many harsh things to say. But most of them if directed to British addresses would, I am afraid, have to be even harsher. It is, indeed, as any careful student of the newspaper presses of the two countries would, I think, be compelled to agree, more than a little terrifying to contemplate in cold blood with what meagre and inaccurate resources of knowledge the populations of the two greatest democracies in the world are regularly launched by their newspapers upon the inadequately charted seas of international understanding.

Mr Berchman starts from the daring premise – now pretty unfashionable on both sides of the Atlantic – that the publisher of a newspaper ought not to be first and foremost a businessman. Indeed he has the audacity to quote Jefferson: 'When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself a public property'. And he argues with a good deal of supporting evidence – most of which could be duplicated several times over by reference to British popular newspapers – that publishers are falling down more and more badly in their public trust, in so far as it relates to giving honest and coherent news about the rest of the world. Just at a time when such a service is more needed than ever before.

He offers a number of reasons for this failure. So far as most of them are concerned, read British for American and you have a pretty accurate picture of a good deal of British popular journalism. In the average American newspaper he points out 'there is no continuity in publishing a running foreign story'. A report from London (or Paris or Moscow or Berlin) will appear on a Monday, drop out of sight on Tuesday and Wednesday, to reappear on Thursday as a baffling mystery to the ordinary reader, since what went on in the interim was never published. Foreign news in fact is presented as a jigsaw puzzle with some of the pieces permanently missing. Sensible background is rarely provided. Things happen. But why is left a mystery.

The publishers' alibi is that most foreign news is dull anyway, only to be used when there is nothing better to put on an inside page and that the ordinary reader just isn't interested. To this Berchman replies that it would be humanly impossible for anyone to be interested in news presented in the scruffy incomprehensible and slovenly fashion that most foreign news is provided in most popular newspapers. I add my British 'Hear, Hear'.

Foreign news is badly reported, he claims, for three main reasons. One is that most American publishers regard foreign news, except when it is dramatic, sensational or about the British royal family, as something not worth spending money to get. The second is, in his view, the low calibre of a great many American correspondents who not only 'lack knowledge of the language and culture of the countries they are supposed to be covering' but are 'as deficient in political understanding as they are in intellectual curiosity'. This slightly surprises me. American newspapermen I have met abroad have seemed to me usually more professionally capable – and certainly more curious – than all but the best of their British counterparts. Thirdly, he points out, in far too many cases news – and especially press agency news – comes from 'stringers' who are nationals of the country they represent, often with other interests and ties which make it unlikely that they will report anything that happens to be disliked by those with influence. He adds incidentally, which I must say I had not realised, that until comparatively recently all the news Americans got from Moscow came from four correspondents, three of whom had wives who were Russian citizens.

In this matter of local tie-ups there is also a particularly pernicious system ruling in most of the American news agencies whereby their bureau chiefs are half news reporters and half salesmen. They are expected to sell the agency's news and photo service to the newspapers of the area they cover and are judged by their success in getting and keeping clients. In a number of areas – Spain and Portugal are obvious examples outside the Communist countries and there are others – this can mean not sending out news that is likely to offend client newspapers closely tied to a regime which has a lot of good reasons for not wanting the world to know what it does.

After reading Mr Berchman no one is likely to be surprised that American public opinion often seems so incalculable and so wrongheaded in some of its international responses. But no one who reads many of the most successful mass-circulation British newspapers can have much confidence that a good deal of British public opinion is likely to be much better. Mr Berchman's title, I remind you, is 'America's *Irrelevant* Newspapers'. The adjective seems to fit much of Fleet Street too.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

NEXT WEEK

Trade Unions and the Labour Party
by *A Special Correspondent*

The Truth About Disarmament
by BARBARA CASTLE, MP

NEW STATESMAN INDEX
An index to Vol. LVIII (July-December 1959) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1.*

Whitsun

Noisy Holiday

C. H. Rolph writes: The prospect of a fine Whitsun, the certainty that millions of mobile holiday-makers will be out on the crowded roads, and the new traffic control experiments, which are to include a 50 m.p.h. speed limit, should not be allowed to divert attention from the growing problem of noise. It was no doubt inevitable that, in last Friday's third reading debate on his Noise (Abatement) Bill, Mr Rupert Speir should have agreed to drop the question of noise and vibration caused by aircraft; for this is now being examined by a committee set up by the Minister of Science under the chairmanship of Mr A. H. Wilson, deputy chairman of Courtaulds. (Will it decide whether a hovercraft, the newest menace to the eardrum, is an aircraft or a ship? It mustn't be allowed to escape through ambiguity.) But we should be on our guard against the insidious process by which newly-invented and worse noises can draw off all the anathema, leaving yesterday's target with a kind of immunity by default. Among the latter are the musical chimes of the ice-cream van, which now range from a jingle specially composed for T. Wall & Sons by a dance-band leader to *The Harry Lime Theme, The Happy Wanderer,* and the *Coppelia Ballet Music*. But street salesmen are also using bugles, handbells, bag-pipes, motor horns, and loud-speakers. This week-end they will all be competing, no doubt at a new pitch of stridency, with an unprecedented number of scooters and motor cycles; and there are unmistakable signs that the din-tolerance of the British people, always rather lower than that of the French and Italians, for example, has nearly reached its limit.

Mr Speir's bill is perhaps the most important of these welcome signs, but another (for which the bill and its resultant publicity may well be responsible) is that prosecutions for using motor cycles with defective silencers are steadily increasing. Some magistrates believe that these prosecutions result from the recent abolition of local 30 m.p.h. speed limits; the police (they say), baulked of their speedometer prey, are turning at last to the regulation which they have for so long and so unaccountably neglected. What is certain is that, even if Mr Speir's bill were to fail (and it now looks certain of a modified success), its appearance at this time has touched off a popular campaign against noise of all kinds. Perhaps the SC1 vertical take-off jet machine, which takes its noise away quickly and which aeronautical experts are hailing as the commercial and military aircraft of the future, will supersede even the Boeing 707, which floods three or four counties with ear-splitting noise as it gains its necessary height. But it would be a long time to wait for so little.

America After the Summit

For a few days it looked as if Krushchev's New York performance as a rampaging *muzhik* would return this country to the dark days of McCarthyism, when even a taste for vodka was enough to suggest that one might be 'soft on Communism'. Thanks to the mysterious workings of the party system and a display of courage by four men, there is at least a chance that for the immediate future American policy towards Russia will be determined without hysteria.

No sooner did Democrats on Capitol Hill indicate a desire to look into the events preceding the Paris debacle than an ominous barrage of innuendo was laid down by Republican batteries: Were the Administration's critics trying to create an 'intelligence gap' in our defences? Would they like to 'investigate' the President's brave refusal to apologize to Krushchev? etc. And when Adlai Stevenson charged that the Administration, by its botching, had 'handed Krushchev the crowbar and sledgehammer' with which he wrecked the Summit conference, the firing became intense. Nixon's press secretary reported a state of 'shock'. The Republican National Committee deplored the evidence that Stevenson 'had fallen "like a ton of bricks for the Krushchev line' and that he had 'tried to destroy American unity for personal, partisan, political reasons'. Senator Thruston Morton, the Republican Party chairman and normally a man of moderation, accused Stevenson of taking 'a soft approach to the Soviet challenge'. No one had been inclined to take seriously Mr Krushchev's implication that a Democratic president would be easier to deal with, he said piously, but there would have to be 'sober second thoughts' if Democrats persisted in 'throwing criticism at President Eisenhower in unison with the official voice of Moscow'.

Apparently seized with a real fear that the breakdown of the Paris talks might cost them the election, Republicans for a week continued to lash out defensively, and columnist David Lawrence, whose morbid effusions appear in the otherwise reasonable New York *Herald Tribune*, wrote darkly of 'strange circumstances' linking Krushchev's performance in Paris with his alleged desire to see Stevenson elected President, so that he could negotiate a deal at the next Summit.

As terrified of being labelled appeasers as the Republicans were of being put down as bunglers, some Democrats tried to outdo them at their own game. James A. Farley, master-mind of the early Roosevelt campaigns, turned on Stevenson and demanded from their common party 'a unanimous resolution of condemnation and repudiation' of the speech made by this 'apostle of appeasement'. Party chairman Paul Butler tried a reverse twist, accusing the Republican Administration itself of having had 'too soft a policy toward Russia' all along. After all, who had invited Krushchev to come visiting? In this you're-another atmosphere there is reason to believe that any debate would swiftly have degenerated into a witch-hunt if responsibility had not just then put in a refreshing appearance.

On the Democratic side, Farley's attempt to ostracise Stevenson and give the party the nature of a right-wing opposition might have made some impact if Senator Kennedy had not quickly and militantly come to Stevenson's aid. He was as soberly critical of the Administration as the party's titular leader – and not because it had been 'soft' as Butler would have it, but because of the 'shocking lack in presidential directive'. The Massachusetts Senator even went to the length of suggesting that to save the Summit meeting and call the Russians' bluff, the President might well have 'expressed regret' to Krushchev over the U-2 incident.

Given Kennedy's sizeable lead in the race for the nomination and his hold on the very elements in the party to which Farley was obviously appealing, his bold stand served to isolate Farley, damp down opposition to a full-fledged Senate investigation of the Administration's recent record, and put Stevenson much in his debt. Indeed, there are those who believe that by acting as he did, Kennedy succeeded not so much in strengthening Stevenson's candidacy as in inclining the Illinoisan to come out in his favour, with the prospect of becoming Secretary of State in a Kennedy Cabinet. Viewed even as strategy – and there is no justification for seeing it exclusively as such – the Senator's courage, like Stevenson's own, went far to restore a sense of perspective and sanity to the debate.

On the Republican side of the fence, it was Nelson Rockefeller who applied the brake to his partisans' recklessness. It would be 'damaging to both nation and party', he warned, 'to dismiss sober criticism of specific American conduct as a peril to national unity'. Unlike Nixon, Morton, and other top Republicans, he welcomed discussion of the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs as long as it was not 'a thing of glib clichés or irresponsible invective or bitter slogans'. Inevitably the Governor's remarks were taken as an indication of renewed interest in his party's presidential nomination, and he lent colour to the suspicion by stating two days later that, if the GOP convention should see fit to draft him, he would accept the honour. But, as with Kennedy, any possible tactical motive here was less important than the effect, which was to establish what Governor Rockefeller called 'the clear and compelling need to face the facts concerning the failure of the Summit conference . . . and to examine those facts with reason and courage and candour'.

Finally it should be said that the President himself contributed significantly to acceptance of the idea that criticism, debate, and Congressional inquiry were not necessarily disruptive or even undesirable. According to Senator Fulbright, whose Foreign Relations Committee has been gently probing the events leading up to and down from the Summit, Mr Eisenhower agreed with him that both parties should stop accusing each other of being 'soft on Communism' and competing with each other as to which would be tougher on the Russians. Fulbright expressed the fear that this sort of game, encouraged by the Nixons and the Farleys, could put both parties into a position 'where it would be impossible to carry on any kind of relations with the Kremlin'. The President emphatically assented and promised to do what he could to prevent such a development. His speech to the nation, which sounded sad and a little tired, struck this same note of civilised regret rather than one of truculence or bitterness, though again he seemed over-explicit about the intention to go on spying, as though that were one of the Four Freedoms rather than an unpleasant, but tacitly understood, facet of international life.

Some observers regret that the Summit crisis has occurred in this election year, when high policy is bound to be tangled up with high politics, and it is true that presidential campaigns are rarely given to quality debate. Yet in this instance the sprawling nature of the major parties, their very lack of coherence, may prove an asset. If Nixon were the sole Republican voice, or if he were not running and in need of his party's maximum vote, probably nothing would prevent him from playing the Old Nixon, brass knuckles and all. As it is, he must respond to the braking influence of Rockefeller and Eisenhower. Similarly, the Democrats must somehow reconcile the anti-summit views of their Trumans, Achesons, and Farleys with those of their Stevensons, Kennedys, and Fulbrights. The result is a softening of positions by both parties, which is discouraging perhaps to cogent debate but is likewise discouraging to the kind of campaign in which each side shouts 'appeasement' at the other and takes a let's-get-tougher line out of sheer self-defence.

In both parties there are those who want to stand up to the Russians and those who want to sit down with them – and also, fortunately, those who think there is a time for sitting and a time for standing. The result is that in spite of the failure in Paris, the national temperature is not much above normal. The President's television report to the nation attracted a smaller audience than 'Wagon Train', recalling the observation that the country will not be seriously concerned about nuclear fallout until it interferes with TV reception.

Robert Bendiner

London Diary

Excluded from the western Summit, the Chinese have made their own summit on the world's highest mountain. They call it Chomo Longma; the English name is Everest; the Nepalese, having always considered it part of Nepal, gave it their own name, Sagarmartha. Whatever else may be in doubt, this climb is a matter of prestige and part of the cold war which the Chinese seem bent on forcing on their neighbours, especially on India. The preparations for the climb were given no publicity at all; in Nepal, where I happened to be in March, no rumour of them had penetrated. B. P. Koirala, the Prime Minister, talked of his liking for the groups of climbers who came to call on him but said nothing of any Chinese claims to Everest. Indeed, none had then been made. Who in their senses could really worry about the top of Everest 'belonging' to any one country? When Chou En-lai did raise it, Koirala agreed to regard the northern slopes as under Chinese jurisdiction and the southern under Nepalese. The point of the Chinese claim to have got to the top seems to be to score off the Indians, whose own expedition from the south had to turn back last week 700 feet from the summit. The comparison will be hammered home by the pro-Chinese group in Nepal who continually attack India as an imperialist power. They, of course, are quite ready to give not only Everest, but the whole of Nepal, to Peking. In the West, which never managed to climb Everest from the Tibetan side, there is some scepticism about the Chinese success. The leader, 32-year-old Shin Chan-chun, only began his mountaineering career in 1956, so

that he has gone a very long way in a very short time. Certainly a big leap forward.

* * *

The death of Lord Hardinge reopens an old controversy. As Private Secretary to Edward VIII, he wrote to the King, telling him that the Cabinet was much disturbed about his association with Mrs Simpson, that a great storm might blow up any day in the press, and that the only remedy was for Mrs Simpson to leave the country without delay. The Duke of Windsor himself tells us in *A King's Story* that he was at first angry: 'they had struck at the very roots of my pride'. 'They' were Baldwin and some of his colleagues, and, above all, Dawson of *The Times* who had 'seen and approved' Hardinge's letter. In his celebrated wireless attack on Dawson in 1952, Beaverbrook treated this as a conspiracy to get rid of the King, and the *Evening Standard* now returns to the charge. Whether you call it a conspiracy or not, the fact is that the Establishment had decided that it would not accept Mrs Simpson as Queen or agree to a morganatic marriage – which was the solution for which Edward hoped. Rather than either of these, they decided to push the King off the throne. He could, of course, as he says, have followed 'notable precedents'; if he had foregone marriage, these pious folk would have said nothing about a 'decorous association' – 'a discreet house nearby, a key to the garden door'. The King chose abdication and exile. One other solution seems not to have occurred to him. He might have taken a hint from Bernard Shaw's *Applecart*, refused a Dukedom and stood for parliament. He would have been a popular MP for Windsor. Lord Altrincham suggests to me that he might have become leader of the Labour Party.

* * *

Many newspaper men and women will be grateful to Lord Astor of Hever for asking journalists to meet the Queen and Duke last Monday. The object of the exercise was presumably to remove the snide tone that is nowadays, the first time for nearly a hundred years, to be found in press references to Buckingham Palace. I watched the royal technique. The Queen still gives a rather shy impression. She was doing a duty pleasantly enough, but finding it hard to know what to say. She asked each person the same questions about their job and how long they had been doing it; the problem was then moving on gracefully. The Duke, who must by now be equally bored by such duties, hides his feelings brilliantly. His technique is to start a bit of general conversation, quickly to include in it a little group of people near him and then to break off the talk with a quip. A ripple of polite laughter followed him wherever he went. Whether the whole reception amounted to much in terms of public relations between crown and public, it was a good try and should not be scoffed at.

* * *

I have in front of me a letter from a 'detainee' in a South African gaol. He is an Indian who was arrested in a round-up of political workers. He is charged with no offence. Some of the warders, he says, come to the job firmly convinced that a non-white is no better than an animal. They do not, for instance, believe that 'there can be real doctors, lawyers, or teachers among non-whites.' They are all indiscriminately treated as, unhappily, people treat cattle. The political prisoners are in the same gaol mixed up with murderers and thieves, but not subjected to the daily cruelty and violence inflicted on ordinary criminals. Though 'awaiting trial', they are not allowed to receive any newspapers or reading matter from outside. A few unreadable old books have been found for them, but a request for the bible has not been granted; it is being 'considered' by the Security Police. They are locked up in small cells and allowed half-an-hour to exercise their legs along 20 yards of corridor in the prison building. He describes all the familiar nastiness of small pails to act as latrines inside the cells. Apartheid applies to food. Africans are given porridge, maize and beans; Indians get some bread as well as cabbage, meal and rice and a mug of coffee. They also get 2 oz. of meat three times a week. They may not receive any foodstuff from outside, though they can buy canned products from a prison canteen. The lights are turned out at 8 p.m. They are allowed one visit a week in the presence of a Security Officer; no politics may be mentioned. They are not allowed to consult a lawyer. A detainee, in fact, is just a prisoner with an indefinite sentence for an undefined crime.

* * *

Nuclear and anti-nuclear theorists have a duty, it seems to me, to read Sir Stephen King-Hall's pamphlet *Common Sense in Defence*. I found it much more persuasive and cogent than his book on the same subject. It is of course difficult to agree with it because it runs so counter to the usual assumptions of our world. We are in a staggeringly new age in which none of the old assumptions stand up. It is not enough to *feel* that England must not be reduced to the position of most small countries which have never had any adequate defence against attack from a great power. Presumably Sir John Slessor and all the rest of the pundits have an answer, but if so they ought to formulate it. They can buy this able pamphlet post free for 2s 9d from K-H Services Ltd, 162 Buckingham Palace Road, SW1.

* * *

I have just been reading that you can still hire a whole company of state trumpeters from the Life Guards, so long as you are prepared to pay them at least what civilian musicians get for trumpeting (a minimum of about £5 a trumpet), and so long as they will not be trumpeting at any do organised by a 'political or controversial organisation', where, I suppose, any really approving noise must come through private or non-military trumpets. Still, the Royal Military School of Music doesn't mind supplying trumpeters to give musical expression to the feelings of pop-eyed impresarios at bathing-beauty parades, and surely this is where trumpeting is at its most self-conscious and fatuous. Comparing the fanfares played during the royal wedding with the ones that used to be played even for people like Lord Mayors of London, I thought they showed a decline in musical invention and excitement. What an odd thing it is that the fanfare in *Fidelio*, played solo on four notes, is still so much the best of the lot.

* * *

The Soviet treatment of Boris Pasternak in the post-Stalin period always puzzled me. A difficult and recondite novel, written by an admired poet, could surely have had no dangerous effect on a population which is allowed freely to read the novels of such western writers as Graham Greene and Somerset Maugham. So, leaving aside the liberal argument for free discussion which is of no account with your orthodox Marxist, why was Pasternak not hailed in Russia as a proof of Russian genius and a final reply to western critics of Soviet intolerance?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. T. S. Kilpatrick, director and general manager of the Workington Iron and Steel Company and a graduate of Cambridge University, is well aware of the distinction of the "old school tie." He has designed a tie for wear by steelworks employees at the Moss Bay Works – a background of black terylene, with a motif depicting a Bessemer converter. – *West Cumberland Times*. (M. Carruthers.)

So Malcolm Muggeridge is to write a satire on the Church for the films. Is nothing to remain sacred in this our day and age? – Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Hal Ewing.)

Cricket is one of the unifying influences in the Commonwealth, Earl Attlee said at Oxford yesterday. Others included the Royal Family, mutual assistance, the common law, conferences, and the English language.

Enthusiasm for cricket was a tie "because it gives you something to talk about." – *Sunday Express*. (C. E. Durant.)

What is really intriguing about these sucking pigs is the fact that they are carefully bred so that their ears stay perfectly erect after cooking.

Gruesome though this little point may sound, it is an important one to the cook, because the pig is displayed whole before it is served. – *Daily Mail*. (Dorothy Musk.)

MRA – A New Offensive

DR Frank Buchman, AB, AM, DD, LLD (Oglethorpe), founder of the movement now known as Moral Re-Armament (MRA), is 82 years old today (Friday). Despite his years, he is still visibly the man described many years ago by one of his early disciples, Mr Harold Begbie: '. . . tall, upright, stoutish, clean-shaven, spectacled, with that mien of scrupulous, shampooed, and almost medical cleanliness or freshness, which is so characteristic of the hygienic American.' His brain is said to be as alert as ever, his strategic fantasies have grown more and more grandiose and global – far more so than he himself could have foreseen on that day of his sudden experience of conversion, more than half-a-century ago, shortly after the traumatic incident that had brought to an end his Lutheran ministry in Philadelphia.

Since he fills nearly a column in the British *Who's Who* with the details of his achievements, devoting nine lines to a list of the orders and decorations conferred on him (Grand Cross of Merit, Order of Merit of German Republic, 1953, Order of Rising Sun, Japan, 1956, etc, etc), it is perhaps surprising that there should be no mention of this early pastoral work. But then, as Sir Alan Herbert once unkindly pointed out, Dr Buchman's account of the origins and names of his movement has varied from edition to edition of *Who's Who*. (Compare, for instance, the editions of 1928, 1933, 1934 and 1939 with that of 1960.) One detail, however, has re-

Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE

NO 4 GEOLOGY WATCHING The great thing about Natural History is that it is everywhere and whatever is happening that is the thing which is actually there. Genuine geology watchers like W. G. Williman realise that if the dog brings in mud from the garden, it is "typical Tunbridge Wells tertiary deposit". If his ball runs down the slope into the gravel pit from his drive from the 11th tee of Schweith Hill Golf Course, it is because of the "typical contour of the base of a denuded anticline".

Leaving his City job on the Schwop Exchange, "Willie" Williman always field geology-watches on his Thursday afternoons off. Here he is on the lawn at Royal Schwepstow just before the Schwinley Stakes, making "dummy casts" for boring. He hopes to throw light on the problem of the earlier existence of a vast warm sea (Totinvestian) which contains records of semi-tropical ovifauna with well-developed display appendages and exaggerated head pluming.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

mained constant down the years: 'Studied Cambridge University 1921-22.' Since Dr Buchman, as a professor of Absolute Honesty, would not wish to mislead the public, it seems odd that this detail has not been corrected or amplified: Sir Alan told the House of Commons that he had ascertained from the Registrar of Cambridge University that Dr Buchman had spent six months at Westminster College, Cambridge, a Protestant theological establishment which is 'not part of the university' and that he 'didn't even go to lectures' at the university. Sir Alan added the caustic comment: 'He has no more right to say that he studied at Cambridge University than anyone who reads a book in a Cambridge pie-shop' – which was, perhaps, unfair to the highly reputable Westminster College.

The movement's original name was the First-Century Christian Fellowship. In 1933 – the year of the much-publicised centenary of the Oxford Movement proper – it became the Oxford Group Movement. The First-Century Christian Fellowship dropped out altogether in 1934. MRA itself was inaugurated, according to *Who's Who*, in 1938 (at the East Ham Town Hall). This change seems, in retrospect, to mark the most significant development in the character of the movement. Some of the earlier writings now read like old-fashioned Evangelical tracts: Rugger blues find God, fall on their knees, and give up smoking and 'impurity'; one's impression is simply of a new brand of specifically Christian evangelism, with its own techniques (or new names for old techniques) of sharing, changing, quiet times and guidance; some called it 'a Salvation Army for the middle classes.'

In recent years there has been less emphasis on 'religion', as such, and more on 'ideology'. The word occurs in MRA propaganda with wearisome frequency: MRA is equipped with 'the strategy, the unity, and the commitment of a superior ideology', and 'the Summit Strategy Conferences at Mackinac and Caux provide ideological training in Moral Re-Armament without which our deterrent material re-armament programme will be wasted'. The star displayed in an MRA brochure distributed one Christmas was not identifiably the star of Bethlehem but 'the star of an ideology which illumines the road from heart to heart, class to class . . .'

What is the reason for the shift of emphasis? It may be twofold.

First, it is clear that Dr Buchman has been growingly aware that his major mission in life is to combat Communism. It would be unfair to suggest that he discovered this as late or as accidentally as Senator McCarthy did, for indeed one of the few sayings of his that everybody remembers is his ejaculation, uttered (presumably under guidance) in 1936: 'I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defence against the anti-Christ of Communism.'

Buchmanites complain that these words are 'quoted out of context'. Acres of context could hardly affect their meaning or justify them on the lips of a western democrat; but, in fact, if one examines the context, one finds that Dr Buchman went on to say, 'of course, I don't condone everything the Nazis do. Anti-Semitism? Bad, naturally. I suppose Hitler sees a Karl Marx in every Jew' – which seems to mean that it was slightly more excusable to send Jews to the gas-chambers if they were also Marxists, but may merely be an instance of the general Buchmanite habit of shallow, almost childish, oversimplification of every problem; for Dr Buchman then said, in a more familiar vein, 'Think what it would mean to the world if Hitler surrendered to the control of God. Through such a man God could control a nation overnight and solve every last bewildering problem.' The Church Assembly report on MRA observed that MRA had failed 'to make a profound enough analysis of the world's social problems' and that one of its characteristics was 'a certain blindness to the duty of thinking'.

Except for those relatively few trade unionists and Labour Party people who, through sheer unsophisticated goodwill or because they have been dazzled by the glamour of Caux, have allowed themselves to be dragged on the MRA band-wagon, it is hard to see how any Socialist, or any serious politician, can fail to recognise MRA for what its own publications make clear that it is – a morale building and propagandist instrument in the Cold War. No doubt that is why such serious politicians as Dr Adenauer and M. Schuman have been notably well-disposed towards it, and why Communism is now so much more obsessively omnipresent than it was in the movement's early propaganda.

But in such a war powerful allies are both necessary and, on certain conditions, available; and this may be the second clue to MRA's gradual change of emphasis. Some of these allies would shun an evangelistic movement that was recognisably Christian and Protestant. Asia, and especially India, must have seemed to MRA and its American supporters a key sector in the global struggle: MRA must, therefore, be so projected in India that it would not appear to the most devout Hindu or Moslem to be just another Christian mission. Christian theologians, again, would detect certain heresies in MRA: apart from the central allegation made by several of them – that it seeks to 'use' God for man's political ends – there seemed at first to be in it the danger of a new schism.

Above all there was one formidable international organisation – an older enemy of the Kremlin – which could be of immense help politically to the new movement, but would brook no potential rivals in its own religious field: the Roman Catholic Church. Roman Catholics are forbidden *communicatio in sacris*: they may not participate in prayer or worship with Christians of other allegiances, and some of the Buchmanite practices were clearly religious. But what if a movement were not really a religion, in the strict sense of the word at all? What if it explicitly disavowed any intention of being a kind of church, and was concerned almost entirely to promote secular ideology? That might make it easier for Roman Catholics to enter into full relations with it. This seemed to be the answer: the First-Century Christian Fellowship was out; an Ideology for Democracy was in.

In fact, Roman Catholic attitudes to MRA have been ambivalent. There have been condemnations (sometimes on the ground of its 'indifferentism'), but there has also been co-operation, in Switzerland and elsewhere. Prelates have been quoted as supporters – presumably with their permission, though some caution is needed here, since the name-dropping in which Buchmanites love to indulge has sometimes caused surprise and embarrassment to those whose names have been dropped too airily. (A prelate of another communion, Archbishop Makarios, seemed much surprised, last winter, when I showed him an *MRA Pictorial* claiming credit for the 'miraculous' solution of the Cyprus problem – a miracle not yet fully authenticated. But he was recently induced to sign a cautious telegram of greetings to Caux.) When the Roman Catholic review, the *Tablet*, ran a long controversy on MRA, one of MRA's champions was the eminent Roman convert and Alpinist, Sir Arnold Lunn.

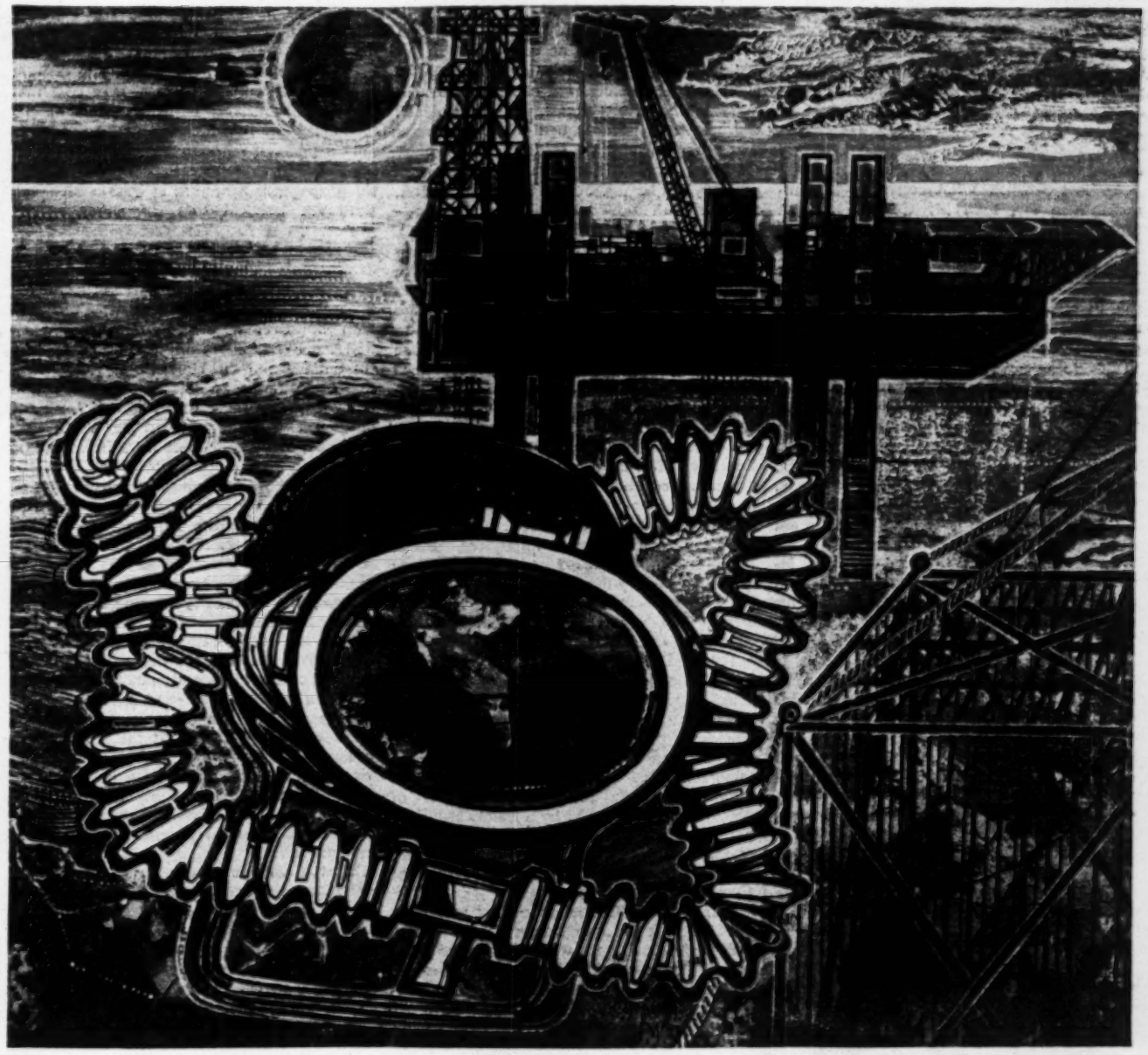
It must be conceded to the movement that, while the over-intensive pressure tactics of some of its zealots have often caused irritation and antagonism, it has never failed to attract its quota of distinguished and useful persons. Its most active British convert at this time is probably Mr James Coltart – and Mr Coltart is well placed indeed to further MRA's aims, for he is the right-hand man of Britain's great new press and television magnate, Mr Roy Thomson. As such, and as managing director of Thomson Newspapers, he can influence the policy and content of such important newspapers as the *Scotsman* and of the programmes broadcast by Scottish Television (STV).

There is no doubt that Mr Coltart is doing his utmost to exercise this influence, and that for such an end he would not hesitate, if he were guided to do so, to interfere with what would be regarded on most serious newspapers as the normal discretion of the editorial and advertising staff. There can be no other interpretation of a remarkable speech made by him on 17 April 1960 at an MRA conference at Caux, as reported in the *Scotsman* (it may be assumed, accurately):

> Mr Coltart pledged himself to re-orientate the thinking of Great Britain and to root out evil ruthlessly in every quarter. He said that he had determined to reach every member of the Cabinet, every trade unionist, the directors of television, radio, and the press in his country.
>
> Mr Coltart . . . told how last October he had received a full-page advertisement from East Germany undermining the forthcoming visit of Chancellor Adenauer to Great Britain.
>
> 'I could not stand for it', Mr Coltart said. 'I went to the Foreign Office. I went to the editors of the largest newspapers in Britain. They unanimously agreed not to run the advertisement. I believe all of us must take up the task to outmatch Krushchev regardless of profits or prestige.'

It says much for Mr Coltart's persuasiveness that he was able to induce these editors to depart from the accepted newspaper practice of not imposing political censorship on advertisements, and for his energy that he can envisage undertaking the necessarily prolonged task of reaching 'every member of the Cabinet' and 'every trade unionist', on top of his onerous regular work for Mr Thomson. Whether Mr Thomson shares his view that MRA must be campaigned for 'regardless of profits' is not known; this would not at first sight seem to be in harmony with what is known of Mr Thomson's general approach to newspaper publishing.

Mr Coltart's determination has not been without effect. There have been many references to MRA in the *Scotsman* recently which experienced Scottish journalists would not, on their news-value, have expected to find there; and of a recent half-hour programme on STV devoted to an interview by John Watson with a Buchmanite spokesman, Roger Hicks, the *Glagow Herald* critic remarked that Mr Watson was so 'scrupulously agreeable' that he seemed 'much more concerned with comprehending Mr Hicks's views than with challenging them'. This was MRA's second boost on STV within a few weeks – though STV is notoriously deficient in serious programmes, is heavily loaded with American film series, and has a far poorer record in



Divers helmets, a reflection of

THIS YEAR THE WORLD will use over 1,000 million tons of oil. In 1970, international petroleum economists reckon at least 1,800 million tons will be needed.

To meet such a demand it is necessary to find new sources of crude oil. To meet such a demand, in full and in time, it was necessary to start looking for these sources long before 1960. It was also considered prudent to look beyond the limits of the land.

This is why, since February, 1954, a British Petroleum team, in association with French interests, has been probing the oil-bearing potentialities of the rock beneath the waters of the Persian Gulf – first by underwater survey and later from the mobile drilling barge "ADMA Enterprise".

In 1958 their first test well struck oil. Since then two further wells have been completed and BP is preparing to produce crude oil commercially from the new field.

This means that, when a 20 mile submarine pipeline to a tanker loading jetty on Das Island has been completed, BP will have, for the world, a new source of oil.

This submarine operation is indeed a visible symbol of the fact that BP believes in 'hats off to tomorrow'.

BP BRITISH PETROLEUM

original drama than other ITV companies.

Mr Coltart has since stated that 'he personally knew nothing about it' before this programme was broadcast; and it is true that the cause can claim a more proximate champion inside STV itself, since its programme director, Mr Gerry Le Grove, has said of MRA (*Sunday Mail*, 15 May): 'I wouldn't say I was deeply involved, but I certainly believe in everything it stands for.'

Another Scottish MRA convert – less important, so far, than Mr Coltart, but put through a most thorough indoctrination – is Mr Patrick Wolrige-Gordon, Lord Boothby's 24-year-old successor as Conservative MP for East Aberdeenshire. Mr Wolrige-Gordon is said by some who know him to have a certain naïve charm, with a strain of weakness in his personality that would make him susceptible to Buchmanite blandishments. I do not accept this estimate: he must have considerable courage to preach MRA as importunately as he does to his constituents and others – even introducing the subject into a speech toasting the Immortal Memory on a Burns nicht, when he is reported to have said, regretfully, how much more valuable and wholesome Burns's poems would have been if he had not lived before the age of Buchman.

Some idea of Mr Wolrige-Gordon's intellectual stature may be derived from a series of three articles which he wrote recently for the *Aberdeen Press and Journal*. He explains 'how the ideological battle is being fought' by the Communists. 'In one vast college in Czechoslovakia, 36,500 agents are trained every year, particularly Asians and Africans.' (Vast, indeed!) Krushchev 'has been known to say [when and to whom?] that the Bolshoi Ballet is worth more to him than two divisions . . .'. The Communists win men's minds more subtly than the West does: 'in Asia everyone knows about the rape of Tibet. The country has been desecrated, the men have been transported or castrated' (an ingenious new way of winning minds). The trouble at Little Rock was caused by 'over a hundred Communist agents, white and black', who got there just before it started (or so a friend of Mr Wolrige-Gordon's was told by Governor Faubus, himself cited, rather surprisingly, as having been changed by MRA, together with a leading coloured woman – 'and that solved the problem for Little Rock'). The swastika-painting epidemic was probably a Red plot, too. As for Britain: 'one man in every four approximately . . . is reckoned to be homosexual', and 'when you find the national church of a country prepared to countenance homosexuality if it is done privately, you find the final hope of moral leadership dissipated'.

Like any other movement – legitimately enough – MRA seeks to capture the young, and especially those who are at universities. Recently it has been busy in Cambridge, for instance. One leading undergraduate, who did not seem to be responding well to personal solicitation, was lent a book, said by his Buchmanite contact to be highly regarded in the movement (as indeed it probably is, since it is published by the Blandford Press, which, has also published books by Dr Buchman himself and by such senior converts as Mr Peter Howard).

This book is called *The Pentagon Case*. It is by 'Colonel Victor J. Fox' (a pseudonym), and, though a novel, purports to describe the reality of the Communist conspiracy in America – in this case, a Red network within the Pentagon itself. Many factual details are thinly disguised as fiction – a reference, for instance, to 'the distinguished author of *Nagasaki* . . . published by a notoriously left-wing "humor" magazine* which devoted an entire issue to this single piece of anti-atomic propaganda which was straight down the Communist Party line'.

I have read *The Pentagon Case* with care, and I find it hard to believe that a serious independent publisher would have accepted it without some special incentive to do so. (It was originally published in New York by Freedom Press Inc.) It is an extreme manifestation of the conspiracy complex: Soviet Communism is *'the'* enemy, and the impending Soviet attack is a case of 'when', not 'if'; '"progressive" education is education for Socialism . . . and Socialism is only a euphemism for Communism' – the aim of 'progressive' education being deliberately to delay the literacy of potential American soldiers and technicians and to reduce their respect for authority; obscene books and pictures are a Red-directed 'anti-morale operation', and 'our greatest film comedian went over to the enemy years ago, while he was still in Hollywood'; alert anti-Communists are kidnapped and turned into 'zombies' by pre-frontal leucotomy; and – dottiest of all, so that you can see your conspiracy everywhere – the cleverest Communists pose as staunch anti-Communists. Fortunately, the clean-limbed ex-Marine hero, Brett Cable (whose nostrils 'flare slightly' at moments of stress) comes through, with the help of a patriotic senatorial committee. No such load of comic rubbish has been foisted on the British public since the late Mrs Nesta Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*.

But this is not entirely a comic matter. Though I have no proof that MRA agents are distributing this book generally, they are distributing, in the most widespread way possible, the narrow grey booklet called *Ideology and Co-existence*, which is said to have gone, or to be going, into every home in Britain and most of western Europe, at a cost that cannot be much less than £1m; and the interesting point is that *The Pentagon Case* is only a fictional *reductio ad absurdum* of the booklet, and that on many important issues the propaganda advanced in both is identical. Both are insistent that campaigns against nuclear arms, for East-West trade, and for recognition of Peking are all part of the Communists' 'world-wide drive'. The booklet looks a more serious effort than the novel, but it is essentially as silly – as when it quotes with approval a Canadian ex-Communist MRA convert, Gerry McManus, as saying: 'In Canada and the United States the flood-tide of Communism washes over the nation every day.' Its main theme is that 'peaceful co-existence' means death to the West.

Since this booklet must have been drafted with care, and since there must be some British Buchmanites who could have told its authors that even the British Conservative government recognises Peking, it is hard to explain the touches of ineptness which make it less effective as propaganda (except to psychopaths) than something less crude and extreme might have been. It was unnecessary, surely, to offend those most co-existential of people, the Quakers, by the egregious purloining of William Penn for the cause of MRA; and a number of Friends reacted sharply to this in a letter to the *Guardian*. It was also, perhaps, unwise, in view of old-established trade union suspicions that the movement is a kind of spiritual strike-breaking organisation, to quote the dying words of one of the 'five giants of American Labour': 'Tell America that when Frank Buchman changed John Riffe he saved American industry 500 million dollars.'

Such a reminder as this inevitably raises the question, *cui bono*? Whom does MRA really benefit most? Mr Bernard Harris, in the *Sunday Express*, has suggested that 'financial backers' of the grey booklet might possibly include the American State Department. Indeed, it is difficult to raise a million pounds from 'the pennies of the people', from the small sacrificial offerings of which MRA boasts. If there is official American backing for the booklet, it is perhaps more likely to come from the FBI or from Mr Allen Dulles's agency, which have substantial appropriations for anti-Communist propaganda; but there may still be, as there are believed to have been in the past, heavy subventions from big industrialists, who, taking John Riffe's tip, regard MRA as a profitable investment (Henry Ford is quoted by MRA as a friend and admirer).

Two things seem certain. One is that MRA has moved a long, long way from the time when a Conservative MP, speaking in parliament against Ernest Bevin's decision not to exempt the Oxford Group 'lay evangelists' from military service, said that under its memorandum of association (under which, too, it enjoys certain tax concessions) the 'real purpose' of the Group was 'the advancement of the Christian religion', and added: 'The Group has no power to do anything outside the objects as stated in this memorandum. If it set about secular objects, it would be doing something *ultra vires* and illegal.' The second certainty is that there was rejoicing in Caux and Mackinac and Berkeley Square at the recent Summit breakdown.

TOM DRIBERG

* This means the *New Yorker*!

An illustrated gazetteer

30s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

The Rise and Fall of Ernie Marples

On nomination day, in the 1950 general election, officials in Wallasey were startled to see a brougham, driven by a man in regency dress, pull up outside the town hall. They were even more surprised to recognise the driver as Mr Ernest Marples, the Conservative candidate and retiring Conservative member. The reporters and photographers, however, were not surprised. They had been tipped off by Marples himself.

Marples's career has been studded with incidents like this. Now dressed in a diving suit, he is inspecting the underwater foundations of Poplar power station; now dressed as a hiker, he is addressing a young Conservative meeting on the top of Snowdon; now trapped by a Swiss avalanche, he skis ten miles to the nearest railhead so that he may catch an important division in the House of Commons; now he is tramping with a postman on his humdrum rounds. Whatever he does, whether it is climbing the Matterhorn, living on water for 36 days, or chasing and catching a burglar, he is never too exhausted afterwards to ring up the press. And why should he be? Does not this ex-Dulwich Hamlet inside forward keep himself fit by training with the Chelsea football team, walking 12 miles every Sunday and riding to work in London on a bicycle (even when photographers are not present)?

The 'Gentlemen's Party' is still inclined to look on all this as the typical brashness of the self-made man; and Marples is self-made. His father was an engineer in Metro Vic, Manchester; and during the depression Marples himself got pocket money only by building himself a bicycle out of scrap parts, so saving his £12 a year travelling allowance to Stretford Grammar School, and by selling cigarettes and cough lozenges on the Manchester City and Manchester United football grounds. He qualified as a chartered accountant and eventually began business on his own, with borrowed money, converting run-down Kensington mansions into flats. From that beginning he has developed a highly successful building and construction business and is now a wealthy man. However supercilious they may have felt about his 'vulgarity', his colleagues were not prepared to go to the lengths of ignoring such business thrust when they were looking for a second in command to Mr Macmillan in his drive for 300,000 houses a year. It was only when the drive had attained success that Sir Anthony Eden felt able to drop him onto the back benches again.

He would probably have stayed there, alongside that other self-made Tory, Gerald Nabarro, if Macmillan had not become Prime Minister. But Macmillan had seen Marples at work and sent him to the Post Office, a job where his business thrust and flair for publicity could be equally valuable. During his two years as Postmaster General, he regularly got his own name and that of the Post Office into the newspapers and so helped to raise the morale of post office workers by making them feel that their work really was important; and on the technical side he speeded the construction of automatic exchanges, introduced better and more varied automatic serving machines and cheapened trunk calls. His period there was generally reckoned at least as successful as his period at the Ministry of Housing, and, just seven months ago, he was transplanted to the Ministry of Transport. Even that has not yet blunted his professional briskness

In the past 40 years only two Ministers of Transport, Mr Herbert Morrison and Mr Hore-Belisha, have won any sort of success. Morrison did this by concentrating, during the short 1929-31 Labour Government, on the limited though much needed job of amalgamating public transport in London. Hore-Belisha introduced a few useful palatives, such as pedestrian crossings, and then flung himself into a nationwide, and sometimes highly personal, publicity campaign designed to make drivers and pedestrians alike persistently conscious of road dangers. He did little or nothing to diminish these dangers; but his campaign did induce road users to diminish their effects.

The problems which faced Morrison and Hore-Belisha, however, were small compared with the problems which face Marples. In 1938 there were 3,094,000 motor vehicles on the roads but today there are 8,606,000 and this number is now increasing by something like 700,000 a year. The increased number of private cars, the steady drain of goods traffic from the railways on to the roads, the spread of built-up areas to house an increased population and to rehouse those cleared from slums are producing a congestion which not only ruins many a holiday but seriously reduces the efficiency of Britain's working day and increases the toll of dead and injured. Now, as in the Thirties, the methods of Hore-Belisha can be of some use, and Marples has jumped at them instinctively and eagerly. Parking meters, pink zones, speed restrictions and, above all, publicity are pouring from his office. In a sense, too, he is following Morrison, since his traffic bill giving him powers to override local authorities may help him to diminish slightly the disorder which still prevails in London traffic. But he knows well, perhaps better than anybody, that the methods which helped Transport Ministers in the Thirties to keep their heads above water will be less than a straw to clutch at in the Sixties.

Without an enormous increase in road building, some of it underground, our traffic

problems cannot be greatly diminished, let alone solved. But will the Chancellor of the Exchequer allow Marples to launch such expenditure? Again, the Sixties seem to call for severe restrictions on the liberties of private motorists. It may be necessary to prohibit private cars from entering certain towns or certain areas in towns. This, too, would mean expense in the provision of huge car parks or garages on the outskirts and would, anyway, meet tremendous opposition from car users who at present are willing to take what still seems the slight risk of injury to themselves rather than accept some curtailment of the right to use their cars when and where they like.

Above all the Sixties require the integration of the various means of transport with modernised railways, equipped with fast freight trains and detachable carriers, taking the bulk of the goods traffic and fast electrified suburban services carrying the commuters. This, too, requires a vaster expenditure than the Chancellor of the Exchequer as yet seems willing to concede. Besides any authority for replanning the railways seems currently to have been taken from Marples and handed over to Lord Mills.

These are problems which may well keep Marples awake as he lies at night (in a sumptuous bed which once belonged to Queen Caroline) or make him less eager to spring into the shower at 5.30 in the morning. It is ironic that one of the outstanding successes of capitalism – the provision to the bulk of the adult population of a motor vehicle of some sort – should now call for Socialist solutions to the resultant traffic problems. It is ironic, too, that Marples, born of a Socialist father and himself once an active Labour Party worker, is willing, regardless of doctrine, to try any plan which seems sense and that he has the ability to carry it through. But he belongs to a government which, for reasons both of doctrine and expense, will almost certainly reject the only plans which could provide a solution. And that circumstance – beyond his control – *could* lead to his downfall.

What then will Marples do? As a man, he is sincere and determined. He will buttonhole the Prime Minister, hoping to convince him that all other projects should be set on one side so that money can be found for a practical solution of traffic congestion. He will even try by sheer persistence to bore the Prime Minister into acquiescence. And if that fails? There will be no dramatic resignation. Marples from time to time pays a man to follow him round with a stop-watch, checking each step in the day to see that there is no wasted effort. In terms of time and motion, resignation is a useless gesture.

One suspects that as an intelligent and ambitious politician he will display an immense amount of energy on a series of spectacular palliatives during the next 12 months and then hope to escape to calmer waters at, say, the Board of Trade before the public realises that traffic problems have got worse than ever before. Otherwise in the journal he keeps, headed 'Mistakes I have made' he may soon find himself writing: 'Accepting the job of Minister of Transport without first getting the powers to make a success of it'.

Colin Davis and the World Record Club

Colin Davis needs no introduction — already acclaimed by every leading critic, it might be said he made his debut into the field of the famous when he conducted Don Giovanni at the Festival Hall last October. But it was W.R.C. who first introduced him on record, conducting Mozart's Symphonies 29, 39, and it will be W.R.C. who issue his Mozart Oboe Concerto with **Leon Goossens,** backed by Symphony No. 34.

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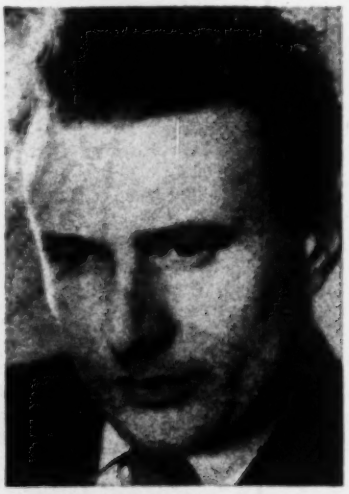

READ WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

CHOPIN: 10 MAZURKAS AND SONATA IN B MINOR (Fou Ts'ong). 'A first-rate disc.' DAVID CAIRNS, *Record News*. 'All beautiful performances.' EDWARD GREENFIELD, *The Guardian*. 'A quite remarkable disc . . . played with the utmost poetic subtlety.' ARTHUR JACOBS, *Jewish Chronicle*.

MOZART: SYMPHONIES NOS. 29 AND 39 (Colin Davis). 'A winner of a disc.' *Reynolds News*. 'Full of fine detail.' ANDREW PORTER, *B.B.C. Network Three*. 'A notable debut.' CHARLES REID, *News Chronicle*.

SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY NO. 2 (Tauno Hannikainen). 'A taut, exhilarating performance . . . admirably clear recording.' JOHN WARRACK, *Daily Telegraph*. 'Cogent and well-conceived.' PETER HEYWORTH, *The Observer*. 'High marks for World Record Club.' JULIAN HERRAGE, *B.B.C. Network Three*.

MOZART: HORN QUINTET, K.407 (The Virtuoso Ensemble). 'A delightful record. Not since Dennis Brain many years ago made a 78 recording has a new version appeared, and John Burden, the Virtuoso Ensemble's horn player, rivals even Brain in richness of tone.' EDWARD GREENFIELD, *The Guardian*.

The Arts and Entertainment

Shapes in a Murky Pond

SICKERT'S art, in that it is at once highly visual, highly aesthetic, highly psychological – with its eye for nature's unexpected shapes, its sure design and moth's kiss of a touch, its novelist's feel for specific human tensions – offers a combination of qualities that is unique. And yet these qualities don't altogether fuse. They exist as it were side by side. Although he is both a brilliant observer and a consummate designer, his recording of sensations doesn't fill out the whole design. Compare the Camden Town interiors in this exhibition at the Tate with Vuillard's *The Loaded Table* in the permanent collection. Vuillard has grasped the entire space of the scene as a comprehensive whole; sensation has become composition. The Sickerts are aesthetic arrangements within which there are passages of observation fresher and keener than Vuillard's, but only passages – only the nude on the bed, not the nude on the bed in the room. Vuillard translates what he has seen into a painting; Sickert sees like a draughtsman, and then builds a painting round his drawing.

There is the same dissociation between his eye and his handling of paint. The brushwork looks marvellous, only it's not a vehicle for his sensations but a way of covering the canvas with a lively and lovely surface. The way light falls across a naked body on a bed or the facade of a house is registered with the greatest delicacy, but we can conceive of its being registered with marks other than those which are there, as we can't with a Vuillard, or with a Whistler. Thus, looking at *L'Affaire de Camden Town*, we can ask why it is that the modelling of the nude figures is achieved with black hatching, as if the painter had been free to make an arbitrary choice as to how to put down his vision. This freedom of Sickert's to choose shows above all in the quite random differences between the kinds of marks he used in the different versions of paintings he did several times over. Seeing comes first, paint comes after – the draughtsman again. Sickert, for all his French training, painted as Legros accused all English artists of painting, by making a drawing and filling it in. And it's no answer to say that Sickert's actual method was like that. A visual painter can't afford to work like that: the way he paints needs to be as empirical as the way he sees.

And just as the qualities of Sickert's handling and design stand apart from his grasp of visual realities, so do they stand apart from his equally accurate grasp of psychological realities. In looking at a Vuillard, we don't know where his peculiar kind of formal pattern ends and his peculiar kind of feeling-tone begins; in looking at a Vuillardesque Sickert, a really good one like *The Rehearsal, Brighton*, we start by seeing it as marvellous coloured design and then proceed to disentangle what it is about in human terms – and I'm not talking about the common experience of responding to a picture's form-and-colour before we recognize its subject, because this normally means that the form-and-colour is conveying the artist's feelings about the subject: with the Sickert we go from form-and-colour to subject to feeling.

A painting ought to leave us in doubt whether the subject was a pretext for the picture or the picture the outcome of an obsession with the subject. With Sickert the subject always appears to be a pretext. So that when his subject has a human interest, this seems gratuitous. And yet the human interest is needed. The views of Dieppe and Venice look like stages on which the actors have not yet appeared. In the Camden Town paintings the actors are brought on. But the human interest they introduce doesn't go beyond interest, curiosity. Sickert has no emotional involvement in them or moral point of view about them, which is why the analogy that has been drawn with Lautrec doesn't go very far. So extreme is his detachment that he seems less a psychologist than a zoologist – though one fancies that zoologists tend to feel more empathy and more wonder. He knows it all, and he enjoys hearing himself telling us about it. And we for our parts can feel – yes, people are like that; but recognising this doesn't make us love or hate them any better. Applied to themes like the Camden Town murder, Sickert's attitude of sophisticated, indifferent curiosity is like watching to see what fascinating and bizarre shapes present themselves to the eye when a couple of creatures in a murky pond fight it out to the death. The one thing that passionately obsesses him is the unexpected shapes which forms of life assume. And his particular genius consists in that his feeling for such shapes is completely unromantic. This is the essence of his uniqueness. The other elements in his art are agreeable adornments.

And that is why I believe that his great works are the best of his late works – of those made from squared-up photographs with their dry graceless paint sinking into the coarse-grained canvas and their raw scrubbed colour which matches, as colour in painting so rarely dares to do, the chalky pallor of reality seen by Northern daylight coming through a window. Here Sickert accepts himself as he is, declines to dress up his central obsession. And in so doing he achieves images of the most startling and brutal originality and modernity. The portrait of Hugh Walpole, with its one bespectacled eye looking out hypnotically from a full face two-thirds of which is a flat pale brown shadow, is in its way hardly less astonishing and hallucinatory than a double head by Picasso.

More remarkable still are the portraits of Sir Alec and Lady Martin which belong to the Tate but have been left out of the exhibition. Here there is nothing very weird about the shapes. Here Sickert goes beyond a sense of the unexpectedness of shapes seen to a sense of the very unexpectedness of a human presence. These figures are no more than presences: they haven't been built up into characters; there is no more of their personality there on the canvas than they would manifest of themselves if we came into a room and saw them sitting there. No more but also no less: they are very much there, solidly there, and yet they are mere shades of figures, have none of the corporeal substance which we know human figures to have. Degas, when using photographs, was still too much the classic artist not to impose upon the visual image his knowledge of tactile experience; Sickert had the boldness to leave unexplained and make no pretence of explaining those forms which did not explain themselves to the camera's eye. The portraits simply reflect back at us a sensation of the sitters sitting there, a sensation of their *there*-ness. This is life as one would see it if one had no feelings, no thought, no moral or aesthetic prejudices. And such is the grandeur of the conviction with which it is presented that life seen like this seems to be life as it is. Here is an empiricism as ruthless, as disenchanted, as raw, as absolute, as the empiricism of Hume. Sickert was only an eye, but what an eye!

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Wrong Formula

ANYONE accustomed to choosing with loving care what plays or entertainments he is going to see is due for some surprises if he suddenly finds himself committed to sitting through a week's bag of unselected new plays. Last week threw up three which are not only all as bad as each other but which are also, in all their essentials, the same play. Apart from the performance in one of them of Terry-Thomas, miming a burlesque nervous breakdown with astonishing expertise, there is absolutely no reason why the public should support one at the expense of the other two; though no doubt this is what will happen.

The central situation in each case is that of a middle-aged man being driven ever closer to the verge of hysteria by a mounting series of contrived blows, to each of which he responds with increasing horror and despair. In *Roger the Sixth* at the Westminster Theatre, this character is the bumbling new husband of a bird-brained divorcee, who has failed to tell him about her five previous husbands and her five ghastly children, who appear at carefully spaced intervals throughout the play until Roger is reduced to a quivering jelly of apprehension. He could, of course, have asked for full details at an early stage, but then there would have been no play. This observation, which I shan't repeat, applies to all three plays. So do my tender sympathies for the struggling actors: it was pitiful to watch talented performers like Noël Dyson and Oscar Quitak squandering themselves on material of such staggering banality.

The Duke of York's is a spendidly stagey theatre, but not a breath of theatrical excitement wafted over the golden mouldings during the performance of *It's In The Bag*, which Robin Maugham has adapted from a French play by Claude Magnier. The victim here is an unscrupulous Parisian soap tycoon, and the blows which rain on him are provided by an equally unscrupulous business protégé, a scatty daughter, a kittenish maid, and a muscle-bound masseur. There is some complication about three suitcases, containing jewels, money, and female underclothing, but I never understood who got which in the end. Not that it mattered. From this impoverished pie the only plums that could be salvaged were Richard Brier's satanic glee as the arm-twisting assistant, the swooping grace and lovely husky voice of Patricia Jessel, and Terry-Thomas's superbly timed 'business' with telephone and suitcases, for which he must surely share the credit with Director Wallace Douglas.

To round off a week of almost unimaginable tedium we had Budd Grossmann's *Bachelor Flat* at the Piccadilly Theatre, in which the sufferer was an unlikely English professor, resident in America, and the chief torturer a *gamine* American teenage teaser who decides to quarter herself in his flat. For the astonishing vulgarity of its sex- and lavatory-jokes this play took the biscuit in a field where

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Have we no watchdogs?

"*My parents collected information from a dozen schools: this was the most expensive, so they sent me here.*" Thus John Burnett in The Observer reports the disillusioning experience, at a language school in England, of a Greek student whose father pays 20 guineas a week for him to be badly housed, ill fed and scrappily taught. It's not easy to choose in a foreign country. The most expensive *ought* to be the best . . .

It's not always all that easy for the native English customer to know that he's getting his money's worth. A recent pamphlet by P.E.P. recommended setting up a national body to meet this need, and such an official burglar alarm might do a very useful job. Meanwhile, have we no watchdogs?

Well, one of our Sunday newspapers feels so strongly about the duty of dealing in a straightforward way with the consumer that it is making an outspoken policy of reviewing goods and services in his (or her) interest. When necessary, it steps clean over the tactful line preserving advertisers from open criticism—which some people think a very very daring thing to do. But if a newspaper, such as The Observer, can review books and plays without fear or flattery, by what sort of ethical code must it keep mum about other offers to the public? Here is a 'convention' worth breaking.

So The Observer publishes regular contributions by the editors of both *Which?* and *Shoppers' Guide*. And, if you look into its other features, you will find that the people writing in The Observer aim just the same kind of searching questions at a manufacturer's press release as they do at a politician's manifesto. Patience Gray, writing for women, is a good example. So is Gordon Wilkins—his enthusiasm for a new car never blinds him to its faults. Dr. Abraham Marcus's articles, examining the claims advertised by the proprietors of various types of patent medicines, are surprising quite a few people.

Houses, holidays, heducation

Few items cost us more, or can be a greater disappointment than houses, holidays and schools. Turn to The Observer! You won't find every answer instantly, but you will find you're getting a stronger instinct for snag-spotting—and plus-pointing. (When holidays are concerned, I reckon Pierre d'Harcourt's personal information service is invaluable. If you write, he will reply with advice and ideas from his own experience. Did you know? All free, bar the postage.)

Not the least of the interesting things about this paper is its enquiring eye. And Sunday is stock-taking day.

J.B.L.

biscuits were all too easy to come by. Derek Bond did his urbane best with the professor, but the rest of the acting revealed all too clearly that the cast fatally shared the audience's lack of confidence in their play.

These plays are not comedies, for they are not rooted in common human dilemmas; nor are they farces, for they lack the speed, verve and gleeful exaggeration of farce. They are no more than stock revue skits, stretched over three acts, and peppered with set jokes so similar, and so desperately unfunny, that they might all have been lifted from the same nasty comic. What makes three thoroughly experienced managements – Furndel Productions, Henry Sherek, and David Pelham – lavish their tens of thousands on three formula plays so ludicrously lacking in entertainment value? Clearly they are setting out to please the public, and we are eager to be pleased. But the similarities – of kind, of plot of joke, of failure – in these three plays seem to point to the existence of an alarming gap between the world in which these managements live and the world of their potential public. If they do not close that gap it is they, as well as we, who will suffer.

JEREMY BROOKS

A la Mode

Is there such a thing as a Festival film? A film made for, say, Cannes, one to catch the moment of enthusiasm, the May evening stuffed indoors, the chink of ice afterwards under the trees? Such a film, coming to us now at the Curzon twelve months after, may seem to be *Black Orpheus*.

Carnival in Rio; and it's rather more exciting than the local battle of the flowers. The whole town gone carnival mad; early in the morning, late at night, the gorgeously robed darkies prance, tingle, jiggle to the finger tattoo on drums. It's an explosion of rhythm and colour; corybantic bliss. On to this firework display or flux is pinned the oldest idea that in French dramatics can be sure of class: Greek legend. Which is the most plugged legend? Orpheus. So Orpheus let it be. All faultlessly in the mode.

It's a bit more than that. To make up for the scriptwriter's labels ('If the tramdriver's Orpheus, where's Eurydice?' – put into an old watchman's mouth), the masked figure of Death Balletomane, the Hades in a power station, electrocution for Eurydice and the cliff fall for Orpheus, there *is* the confused fascination of whirling populace and attractively human behaviour. Orpheus the tramdriver (Breno Mello) and Eurydice the country cousin (Marpessa Dawn) beguile us to their eventual doom, and in others appetite and love take the liveliest forms. There is too an ending of children taking the dance up in the dawn, so natural that one regrets the artifice that has gone before. Many things in this prize-winner of Marcel Camus one must respond to and admire; but is its final effect of more than palpitating exercise?

The only thing about *The Chaplin Revue* (London Pavilion) that didn't bring me joy was its title. It isn't a revue. It is three early Chaplin films that for far too long have gone unseen. *A Dog's Life* came new to me, despite a childhood in which I rarely saw fewer than two Chaplins a week; *Shoulder Arms* and *The Pilgrim* have been restored from the slashed, pirated versions that have anticipated their revival. All that Chaplin has done is to introduce each with a couple of sentences, and provide accompanying music: otherwise they are pristine. Here is comedy as gay, distinct as Mozart. The note-by-note perfection may even stun just a little by the end of two hours: ideally, each of these pieces should stand by itself. Which is my favourite I should find hard to say. The sleeping out and the coffee-stall cakes disappearing and the place-losing in the unemployed queue and Chaplin's arms through curtain holes playing a marionette show with a crook knocked silly, in *A Dog's Life*? Or Charlie in the awkward squad and then in the waterlogged dugout and camouflaged as a tree stump in a Hun-haunted wood and irresistibly capturing the Kaiser himself in *Shoulder Arms*? (By the way, did Hitler in his earliest days ever see this film, in which his parody appears with eerie prophecy?) Or finally as the convict turned clergyman, supervising the collection, miming the sermon, tripping out and taking a curtain, in *The Pilgrim*? Those who have never encountered these masterpieces will, I think, be amazed: there is nothing in our comic fare of the moment to prepare us for such perfection.

The run at the Everyman of *Ivan the Terrible*, Parts I and II, is now followed by a biography of Eisenstein. Though it could have been less officially done, it reinforces our picture of a great artist in his films, his drawings, his dynamic presence on the stage and in the lecture room; and much has been crammed in a small space. *We Are the Lambeth Boys* and *Two Men and a Wardrobe* complete a beautifully varied programme.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Puritani and Otherwise

Composers who are the victims of fashion generally suffer from a defect denied by enthusiasts at fashion's zenith and exaggerated at its nadir. So it has been with Bellini, of whose *La Sonnambula* the *Observer* observed in 1910 that 'Nothing but the fiat of a prima donna would bring it into the repertory at this time of day'. But we can be sure that this was by no means the reason that prompted Glyndebourne to take Bellini's *I Puritani* into its repertory last week. Bellini is once again – and deservedly – in favour, and to confess that one can live one's musical life without him is lay oneself open to all manner of dire accusations. Yet it is understandable that musicians of a certain temperament find him reasonably boring, and one can only recommend that if they go to *I Puritani* prepared to tolerate a lack of *any* harmonic interest, they might be agreeably, if infrequently, surprised. As for the melody, it is indeed an astonishing phenomenon, a kind of hypertrophy compensating for deficiencies on other levels; and if the listener is prepared to adjust himself accordingly, the interest is almost continuous and occasionally overwhelming. There are even some striking effects of drama-in-music. The function of reprise in the mad scenes is handled with rare dramatic instinct. Although Miss Joan Sutherland's splendid Elvira would have given Glyndebourne sufficient reason for reviving the opera, the music has more than enough intrinsic merit to justify the occasion.

Hans Werner Henze, in his programme note on his opera *Der Prinz von Homburg*, lists amongst his ideals of Italianism 'the angelic melancholy of Bellini'. Melancholy in the German sense is something that is now strikingly absent from Henze's music,

and *Der Prinz von Homburg* suggests that Henze's development has now honourably disqualified him as a possible candidate for completing Alban Berg's opera *Lulu*. The comparison was almost invited by the Hamburg Opera, who revived Günther Rennert's famous production of *Lulu* the day before they staged the premiere of Henze's opera – an astonishing feat for which the conductor, Leopold Ludwig, and the company as a whole deserve the highest praise.

Herr Rennert's 'version' of *Lulu* has by now acquired the status of a classic, and is therefore worthy of re-examination. The corner-stone of the production is Helga Pilarczyk's Lulu. Musically her performance is of a very high order indeed. Yet it could be even finer if she were allowed to give us the Lulu of Wedekind rather than the Lulu of the opera gossip-books. Herr Rennert makes her a kind of drawing-room Salome, which, to be sure, is in keeping with the music's imaginative limitations, but which deprives the opera of much that Wedekind could give it. The naivety of Berg's characterisation – the saxophone – and vibraphone-dominated textures, the 'graphic' chromaticism, the despairing obsession with triadic and scalar formations – all this is fatally emphasised by a Lulu who is merely a Scarlet Woman, all calculation, all knowledge.

Pabst's direction of Lousie Brooks in the famous film *Pandora's Box* was much closer to the ideal. Like Chaucer's Cressida or even the more horrific Cressida of Henryson, Wedekind's Lulu is neither sinful nor perverse. Half-child and half-animal, she *knows* nothing. Vulgarise this, and you have Schnitzler's pretty little pinheads. Draw it harshly, and you have Brecht's Jenny. But deck it out with the conventional trappings of the *demi-monde*, and you make the plot as routine as *I Puritani*. Pandora's Box is emptied, the *Erdgeist* is driven away.

Doubtless Berg was attracted to the Wedekind plays by a pattern which he read into them, a process of dissolution culminating in catastrophe. This indeed becomes almost too literal a part of the music. In a passage such as the 'Monoritmica' the constructional process draws attention to itself less as a musico-dramatic idea than as a kind of desperate shoring up of a dyke that threatens to burst. The Italian composer Roman Vlad has well said that 'the somatic rhythm of Berg does not suggest the dynamic of humanity in full vital impetus'. Berg is the arch-decadent of our time, and that is a part of his interest. Although in many technical respects *Lulu* is superior to its predecessor *Wozzeck*, as a creative whole it reveals a decline that is almost frightening.

Nonetheless one can respect the edifice, even though it is crumbling. Whatever the faults of the film scene, for instance, one cannot ignore it as a musical form, and that is what Rennert's sequence of lantern slides do. Rennert compounds this error disastrously in his attempt to bridge the gaps in the incomplete Third Act. The gap cannot be bridged except by a responsible composer who has access to the unpublished short score and sketches that Berg left behind. Let us hope this is done before *Lulu* is produced again. The work deserves what help it can be given.

DAVID DREW

PS to Captive Viewer

I WAS interested, in last week's NEW STATESMAN, to note the reactions of John Freeman, a most accomplished television performer, to his hospital experience of TV, and his consequent emergence as an enlightened amateur critic – though 'amateur' (etymologically) was not quite what this captive viewer turned out to be. I agree strongly both with his general condemnation of the quality of the light entertainment provided on both channels and with his exception in favour of the 'short serial drama' such as *Probation Officer*. This series is now back in form after a curiously awkward patch, during which one PO was made to say that he felt 'a bit conspicuous' in a perfectly respectable pub: surely a good PO is at home anywhere, as classless as a good journalist? (Perhaps it was this untypical *gêne* that inhibited him from complaining on being served a 'pint' of beer a good inch short: when will producers insist that actors shall *fill* glasses of beer, and cups of tea, and give them enough time to do it in?)

Rarely enjoying personal access to Mr Freeman, I cannot be sure what he was driving at in his reference to 'an obviously second-rate and unsatisfactory programme' of his own, 'which had been tastelessly and indiscreetly over-publicised'; but these wounded cries are like those of a serious writer whose carefully balanced prose has been chopped up like salami by a ruthless sub-editor, and I guess, on internal evidence, that he meant his interview with Augustus John in the *Face to*

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Face series. I say 'his' interview, but it was eight minutes after the start of the programme before we heard his first question; the material had evidently been heavily (if ingeniously) cut, edited, and rearranged; and, though the pictorial quality was, as usual, superb, this processing had made impossible one main characteristic of the earlier interviews – the progressive continuum of the questioning – so that the more intimate questions had not been led up to gradually and therefore sounded brash. The excuse that Mr John had already written in a book about his sexual adventures did not sound adequate: even an autobiography in print is, somehow, at once more impersonal and more private than this medium. But, judged in isolation, it was not really so intolerable as Mr Freeman found it: it gave us some gruffly vital glimpses and dicta of the Grand OM of British painting ('I'd like to go on from where Giotto stopped' – wheezy laugh – *cut*). In any case, *Face to Face* was back to normal last Sunday with an admirable confrontation of Sir Roy Welensky – though Sir Roy was, as one viewer put it to me, so 'devilishly slick' that even Mr Freeman did not achieve total exposure.

Now I should like to be brought *Face to Face* with Sir Mortimer Wheeler, whose series on *The Grandeur That Was Rome* was conducted with all the panache that he brought to *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?*, but with the addition of some dazzling contrivances of semi-poetic epigram and imaginative metaphor: Hadrian's Wall plunges its 'long fingernails' into the English landscape; Rome 'first taught us civilisation and then taught us how to misuse it'; Provence supplied 'quiet intelligent leisure, time to think between meals . . . a pretty good definition of civilisation'; there were central heating and blood sports and, 'on the very eve of their destruction, the Pompeiians were saying to one another, "We've never had it so good".'

Behind that dandified front, that slightly juicy, mannered delivery, there is obviously a keen brain, observant and packed with knowledge. What else?

Probably because they come too late for hospital viewing, Mr Freeman said nothing about TV's less praiseworthy 'short serial dramas' – *Saber of London, Dial* 999, and such, whose most distressing aspect is that, being made primarily for the American market, they are scripted (and pronounced) in a language which is neither English nor American. There is only one series of this kind, for which I feel, shamefacedly, a certain weakness – *Sherlock Holmes*. The period having been moved to the 1920s, the anachronisms seem absurd; but Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are a magnificent, uninhibitedly caricatured, Holmes and Watson, with rich chunks of the original dialogue.

Mr Freeman came out of hospital too soon to see the ITV interview with Sir Anthony Eden last Monday night. This might well be bought by the National Health Service and shown nightly in every hospital, on a closed circuit, instead of the usual Seconal. Through no fault of the able interviewer, Joe Harsch, I dropped off quite soon – just after Sir Anthony (all the old charm, but so wraithlike) had said: 'I think we ought to look at the pros and cons (of Summitry) . . . So much of this is guesswork, isn't it?' This was one of those scoops on paper which don't amount to much on the screen.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE SUMMIT AND DEFENCE

SIR, – As a 'unilateralist', I believe that a strategy whether independent or allied, permitting the manufacture, testing or use of nuclear weapons of any kind is both immoral and imprudent. The Brown-Crossman-Wigg policy, already established in principle though not defined in detail, accepts that Britain, while renouncing the manufacture (if not the possession) of nuclear weapons, will participate in Nato's nuclear strategy.

This policy is not one of compromise between unilateralists and the nuclear strategy school. It merely advocates a nuclear strategy on the cheap. I write to express the hope that no unilateralist will be confused by the new formula, and to state my belief that the campaign for Britain to give a lead to multilateral nuclear disarmament by a unilateral demonstration is the only way to break out of the accelerating ring-dance in which we, the Americans and the Russians are now fatally involved.

MAURICE EDELMAN

House of Commons

SIR, – One factor has been understandably played down in the post-Summit inquests – the behaviour of some of the journalists at Krushchev's press conference at the Palais de Chaillot.

Seeing their Russian colleagues in the front rows behave (by western standards, at least) unprofessionally by applauding the speaker, a number of western journalists took it on themselves to stage counter-demonstrations of booing. This greatly annoyed Krushchev, who continually referred to it in his answers to questions and by gestures – tapping his head in the 'you're barmy' manner used by schoolboys.

Just how crass was some journalists' behaviour is illustrated by the answer when I turned eagerly round and asked a booing English reporter 'What's he saying?', assuming that the man could speak Russian, '*I* don't know' replied this adornment to my profession, 'but whatever he says is wrong.'

As the conference went on, it ceased almost completely to be a journalistic exercise, and became a rowdy, political meeting. It would have been surprising if Krushchev was not provoked into saying things which went further than he meant.

ELKAN ALLAN

St Julians
Nr Sevenoaks
Kent

DEATH ON THE ROADS

SIR, – Mr Hyams is wrong. It's carefulness we need, not smartness. A man may be capable of passing any test that can be devised, and yet be a dangerous driver. Demands for stiffer tests or dearer cars are as pointless as repeated appeals for restraint.

Measures are available that would put an effective brake on road death if we were prepared to apply them. The first need is to keep some of the worst drivers away from the wheel. The remarkable lenience now extended to law-breaking motorists arises from the recognition that there is no criminal intent in their dangerous driving. A heavy fine or imprisonment is felt to be an unjust punishment for their carelessness, even when this causes death or injury. There is, however, a punishment that perfectly fits the crime. Disqualification, if applied much more rigorously, (and accompanied by severe penalties for failure to report accidents), would not only act as a serious deterrent, but would drive off the roads many of those who suffer from accident-proneness. The Road Research Laboratory, with the co-operation of an insurance company, recently examined more than 2,600 policies, and found that drivers who make one or more accident claims in their first year have a claim rate in later years two or three times as great as other drivers.

The second need is to overhaul our present system of speed limits. If the existence of a limit was indicated by conventional marks on the road surface spaced so that a vehicle travelling at the maximum permitted speed would pass from one to the next in a certain time, say three seconds (44 yards for 30 mph), restrictions could be easily varied according to the nature of the road. Where limits are set they must be enforced. Whenever the radar speedometer has been employed, accidents have decreased. In New Zealand, Traffic Enforcement Officers patrol the roads, using microwave speed detectors. In spite of growing numbers of cars road deaths have fallen there, whereas in Britain they have increased by 20 per cent over the last four years.

The third most pressing need is to compel motorists involved in accidents to undergo an

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alcohol test. The effect of drink is now obscured by statistics, which record only those cases where the police have been able to get evidence strong enough for prosecution. Last Christmas, Norway, where it is an offence to drive with more than one part in 2,000 of alcohol in the blood, had one fatal accident to Britain's 147. Our country had about 40 times as many accidents per unit of vehicle density.

Casualties on the road last year were about a third of a million, more than twice the number caused by all the German bombs that fell on us throughout the war. Politicians remain strangely indifferent to this war that goes on around us. Are there no votes in road safety? The Minister of Transport may show concern, but he cannot escape the pressure of vested interests that bear upon him. We need a Ministry for Road Safety.

S. W. GREEN

43 Wulfstan Way
Cambridge

UNITY AMONG TEACHERS

SIR, – If one wishes to denigrate the role of teachers in society, as presumably does Mr Target, one's case is patently weakened by overstatement and over-simplification. He writes: 'nearly 30,000 merely did a nine-month course under the Emergency Training Scheme'. In fact, the course was an intensive one of 12 months until 1946 and thereafter, 13 months. He also states that an even lower admission qualification than five passes at GCE 'O' level was required. Since the vast majority were mature students who attended school before the GCE was envisaged, this seems scarcely relevant. Nevertheless, some 16,000 possessed either the School Certificate or a higher qualification. Moreover, all such students were required to study part-time during a two year probationary period. As a result of this and subsequent study, many previously unqualified obtained university diplomas in various subjects and a significant number went on to graduate. Many of the 'emergency trained' have now become successful headmasters, and even at this late stage, I know of several who are taking their finals for honours degrees this year. Mr Target refers to 36,000 with no teacher training of any kind. I cannot challenge the figure, but I know that many Grammar school headmasters would come under this category. Would he deny them professional status?

The truth is, that teachers are very much aware of the need to raise training standards. A glance at any NUT conference agenda will confirm this. Had they any real control over conditions of entry they would long ago have done so. As it is the lengthening of the training period to three years is mainly because of their agitation.

Mr Target is, of course, entitled to his own views about the competence of teachers, and no doubt among them are rogues and incompetents, as indeed there are in every profession. But any one who has worked with many teachers over a long period knows that generally, in standards of conduct, in ethics and in culture they compare favourably with any other group in society.

P. W. R. FOOT

23 Hazelbrouck Gardens
Barkingside, Essex

PLANNING AND POLITICS

SIR, – I found W. John Morgan's article on planning a fascinating exercise in missing the point. So he wouldn't trust a surveyor, but he would trust a 'qualified planner' (whatever he may be); you can't trust a builder, but you can trust an architect. Is there any way of ensuring that a man who possesses a planning diploma also possesses good taste? Has Mr Morgan read Reyner Banham's article a few pages after his own and learnt how Mr Banham feels that architects have let us down? And is he at all sensitive to the unspeakably hideous bastard neologism 'Ubiquopolis' flaunted by this architectural *arbiter elegantiae*? (What, by the way, was wrong with 'Pantachoupolis' or the rather more pleasing 'Urbique'?).

I agree that Mr Morgan, Mr Banham and I belong to the minority which has good taste; and that the vast majority of the population consists of ill-mannered philistines with bad taste. I am also aware that this vast majority not only doesn't mind ugly things – it actually prefers them to the things *we* like, and thinks our taste uncouth, affected, or sissy. That is why the country at large gets the architecture it deserves, the journalism it deserves, the advertising, railway transport, furniture, food, and – here's the vital point – the politicians it deserves.

In the last century the minority became rich by keeping the majority poor. Today it has been discovered that the best way for the minority to become large-scale rich is for everybody else to become contentedly small-scale rich. This the present government promises with every evidence that it is a promise that will be kept. What has the Opposition to offer?

Mr Gaitskell for Prime Minister? More nationalisation? More and bigger bombs? Less advertising (one of the nation's minor entertainments)? More money for old age pensioners (don't make me laugh)? Or – to return to the original point – good taste by regulation?

This is not a tirade of defeatist nagging. I am suggesting that there is every likelihood that a direct ambition for Socialist political leadership will be defeated throughout the foreseeable future; that it is still possible for Socialists to offer the country the moral leadership that it badly needs (and that the Liberals show no sign of offering); and that an effective moral leadership might even provide a slender chance of effective political leadership. Is there not here an echo of the Labour Party's origins?

TREVENEN PETERS

69 Renters Avenue, NW4

REVOLT OF THE HELOTS

SIR, – I am sorry that your correspondent James Fairbairn, in his otherwise excellent articles, should have painted an over-simplified picture of the Pan-Africanist Congress in South Africa. 'There should be no illusions', he writes, 'about the small group which goes under this name. The Pan-Africanists are anti-white. They are a small group of dangerous men, one at least of whom is a psychopath . . .' Elsewhere, speaking of the disappointment of Robert Sobukwe, their president, he says: 'Only Cape Town and Vereeniging responded to his call . . .'

The 'only' is misleading: for the fact is that the Pan-Africanists demonstration in Cape Town, where they brought industry virtually to a standstill and were able to lead a column of 30,000 people to the city and back without any violence or incident, was the most potent show of strength by any African organisation since Union. And how anti-white was it? In Cape Town, the PAC leaders co-operated closely with the white Liberal Party. In South Africa, where all white men are protected by the same oppressive system, the word 'anti-white' can mean so many things.

The PAC leaders have decided, with quite good historical justification, that the Africans will never achieve their rights unless they 'go it alone'. But Robert Sobukwe has never said that he wants to drive all the white men into the sea. In fact, as Mr Fairbairn knows, the Africans in South Africa remain the most westernized and non-nationalistic of all the Africans in the continent (except perhaps the Southern Rhodesians).

Sobukwe has gained his support not by 'rabid black chauvinism', but by bolder leadership, and by being prepared to incur heavy sentences himself. I am not as convinced as Mr Fairbairn that the breach between the African National Congress and the Pan Africanists is now such a fundamental one, between multi-racial passive resistance and racialistic violence. At a time when their leaders-in-exile are working together, and the word 'moderate' is obsolete, the distinction is becoming much more blurred.

ANTHONY SAMPSON

THE VOICE OF THE YOB

SIR, – Neither my friends nor I have been staunch members of the coffee-bar brigade, but my experience suggest that they are no better and no worse than the average grammar school product. The cream of the grammar school will naturally be more politically, socially, and intellectually conscious, than the typical teenager that Daniel Farson seeks out. But what of the other grammar school species – the young man who, in comparison with his secondary modern contemporaries is immature, who feels insecure, who is still incapable of much constructive thought and whose political and social feelings, such as they are, are frequently warped by schoolmasters who have lost touch with the real world?

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I commend the grammar school, and more especially the sixth forms, which combine, on occasions, to undertake work outside their schools for the benefit of the community. Some of these projects show wit, enterprise, initiative and a very healthy attitude to the rest of humanity. But of how many schools can this be said? Only a minority of grammar schools and, to my knowledge, none of the public schools. In these last named are to be found the worst aspects of our educational system. Academic aims aside, the public schools seem pledged to bringing out the least desirable facets in their pupils. Let me hasten to stress that sometimes they fail, or some of my acquaintances will start searching for a convenient blunt instrument, but who has not been irritated by the pomposity and arrogance that the good public schoolboy is taught to assume? Compared with these, the cults of sport and patriotism seem to me of pitiful unimportance.

The institution from which I write is rotten with men who, whatever their education, would never have been outstanding social successes, but now, with prestige to add to pomposity and arrogance, and a few strings to pull, they will probably summon up enough gumption to climb up on the backs of the masses. Furthermore, they are never likely to perceive or comprehend anything which does not exist on their own level. The coffee-bar brigade miss the expensive facilities of the privately educated; they lack the contentedness and complacency bred in many a grammar school boy; but are they not, perhaps, better human beings? Even the rebellious yob finds himself in better harmony with life than innumerable well-educated gentlemen when they are first thrust forth to meet the world. The voice of the yob must not be silenced.

BRUCE CHOPPIN

Emmanuel College
Cambridge

THE CAPTIVE VIEWER

SIR, – Mr John Freeman, if he looked at *Lifeline* last Monday, may have felt frustrated by his inability to protest. There we had a psychiatrist destroying the airs of supreme wisdom endowed upon him by the BBC.

After he had interviewed several people whom he had cured of their obsessive compulsions, he introduced the father of a boy who took so long to go to bed, whilst performing obsessive rituals, that his mother who wanted to hear him say his prayers was inconvenienced by delay.

The ritual of prayer we are to assume is condoned by convention, the BBC, and presumably therefore by psychiatry. But the function of psychiatry is surely to restore reason to those that have lost it. Mr Freeman and I and our like must have emerged from this viewing in a state of confusion because we could not escape the conclusion that the man of reason was himself in a similar dilemma. It would doubtless have been dangerous to have shown prayer to be an obsessive compulsion.

Are we not entitled to ask who is to decide which rituals are to be considered sensible or otherwise? The Roman Catholics have a good answer, but have the psychiatrists?

CLIFTON REYNOLDS

Triscombe House
Bishops Lydeard
Taunton

THE GANDHI WAY

SIR, – In your short but effective assessment of Vinoba Bhave's movement in India you make the statement that he has reached the end of a chapter. It is not an end of the tireless activities of a great man like Vinoba Bhave; it signifies in many other respects the end of some of the obscurantist beliefs in the techniques Gandhi used against a foreign power. For there has been of late a realization, particularly among top Congressmen, to treat problems more pragmatically than has been the case before. Hunger strikes, satyagraha and the division of states on linguistic basis and many other activities have proved themselves to be beyond the limits of an effective governance of an immense country. Why, even Mr Nehru's co-operative farming itself reached its practicability and there is now much hesitation about any high-sounding phraseologies. The Congress now finds itself with party-reorganisation in view of the development of new political loyalties towards the Right. In view of these concrete failures and developments, it will be worthwhile for the responsible leaders to end up the ambitious talks of changing the society outright and to try to build up responsible political loyalties on the basis of the realities of the party development in recent years. The nature of power being what it is, a nation cannot afford to go on deploring at the lack of morality in individuals.

V. ISVARMURTI

New College
Oxford

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – We are homosexuals and we are writing because we feel strongly that insufficient is being done to enlighten public opinion on a topic which has for too long been shunned. Furthermore, because we deplore that most homosexuals who write letters for publication are obliged to do so under a pseudonym we have determined deliberately to sign our real names even though, by so doing, we are making only a token gesture which may well be foolhardy.

Over the past few years an enormous amount has been spoken and written about the homosexual situation. Most of it has been realistic and sensible, some has been vicious and singularly ill-informed. But whatever its form we welcome it because we must welcome anything which brings this topic, for so long taboo, into open discussion. Only in this way can prejudice, which is fear born of ignorance, be overcome.

It is a problem only because of the prevailing attitude towards it, and because the law encourages such an attitude and hinders every attempt to overcome it. Even so, law reform, though essential, is only a first step; there will remain the much larger and longer task of dissolving centuries of accumulated and deeply ingrained misconception. As Dr Sherwin Bailey has said in a book published under the auspices of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council:

> Education alone can remove the irrational prejudice which persists in some quarters against those handicapped by inversion . . . despite the imputations of the ignorant or malicious, there is nothing sinful or disgraceful in being homosexual.

ROGER BUTLER
RAYMOND GREGSON
ROBERT G. MOORCROFT

NATIONAL TRUST

SIR, – In your issue of 21 May, Critic made some penetrating comments on threats to the coast and way to protect it. He did not name the National Trust but he gave an admirable description of what happens when the Trust acquires a strip of the coast – 'It is a way not of preventing people from enjoying beaches and cliffs: merely of making them fit for enjoyment'.

The Trust now owns for the enjoyment of the public about 120 miles of the coast of England and Wales. If we had more support and more money we could do much more. A charity, dependent for its existence on voluntary support, the National Trust is the only body in England with statutory powers to hold land inalienably and so is able to make a unique contribution to the urgent work to which Critic refers.

J. F. W. RATHBONE
Secretary.

The National Trust
42 Queen Anne's Gate
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Difficulty of Being South African

> In the minds of each of them was the thought of Kenneth and Isabel being carried in vans to their respective prisons, to be stripped, shaved, shouted at, bathed in lysol.
>
> 'Be comforted, sah,' Cornelius Makeer cried out.

VIOLENCE makes a strange ending for a love story, even if the setting is South Africa. But because Dan Jacobson has the ability to create sensitive, intelligent people and make them act sensitively and intelligently despite the background of guilt and shock, *The Evidence of Love** is neither propaganda nor sensationalism. It is, instead, a considerable artistic achievement, all the more impressive because it was written calmly out of the same tensions as created the South African explosion.

It is the story of a love-affair between a Cape Coloured boy and a white girl. Kenneth Makeer is bright, dissatisfied and ambitious, with a desperately respectable father and a complexion white enough to 'pass' outside his own region. Isabel Last is wealthy, anxious to please, confused, lonely and 'liberal'. Both live in Lyndhurst – the setting of most of Jacobson's work – and both, through the larger part of the book, scarcely know of each other's existence. Both are lost and casting around for their identities, and both are taken up by a rich, eccentric spinster called Miss Bentwisch who, to atone for a shadow of bastardy over her birth, has devoted herself to what she imagines is a life of selfless causes but which is, in fact, a devious and forlorn lust to control the lives of other people. Both eventually cast off her influence. They meet in England, fall in love, have an affair, betray each other after their different fashions, and come together again. Finally they return, married, to South Africa where, since the Immorality Act forbids the cohabitation of white and Coloured, they are put on trial and imprisoned.

The Evidence of Love might have been just another case-history. But since Jacobson is a novelist, not a politician, he knows none of the answers in advance. Despite the ending, I'm not even sure he knows them in retrospect. He has only an artist's answer – people. It is a matter not of dogma, but of the moral intelligence. And even that is an uneasy, unwilling affair, with conscience instead of theories, feelings instead of principles, and insights which are unpredictable, fluctuating, not to be controlled. Jacobson, in fact, is political against the grain. His book is less a tirade against the South African set-up – though all that is implied – than a drama of the profound difficulty of being South African: of having politics, guilt and responsibility thrust upon one before there is any personal centre to assimilate them, or any framework within which to judge them:

> Almost all white South African liberals begin very early: that is their trouble, or their glory, if you so prefer. Tiny little children, they can be, when they begin to 'feel sorry' for all the African and Coloured children . . . and though, like any well-brought-up white child, our little liberal is horrified by the snot that hangs from the noses of the black children, at the grime that is encrusted on the back of their hands, at the very blackness of their skins – still, in a way he does not understand and does not even desire, he feels a large, unwelcome, and inexplicable responsibility for their cold, their hunger, their misery. It is a burden to him; a double burden, a treble burden, for he is burdened not only by his pity, and by his impotence to relieve the misery that arouses his pity; but also by his loneliness.

There is an answer to all this, but it is an implicit, an artist's answer. It lies in what gives Jacobson's work its distinction: the witty, compassionate writing which creates a dimension of detachment, honesty and judgment in which his characters take on their full significance.

Lionel Trilling once criticised American fiction for lacking 'the huge, swarming, substantial population of the European novel, the substantiality of which is precisely a produce of a class existence'. By this standard Jacobson, who has learned from Conrad, Lawrence and James, is both traditional and European. His lovers are neither isolated at heart and battering against their isolation, nor are they romantically afloat in a warm continuum of passion. Instead, they are rooted in a world made solid and alive by the precision of Jacobson's observation. There is a certain sharpness about his writing which draws everyone and everything – major figures and minor scene and mood – into a tight circle of mutual commitment and mutual illumination:

> Martin was slumped in a deck-chair; Isabel saw his thin arms, and his lax figure, the side of his face. His hair was light brown and soft, combed loosely away from his forehead. He seemed to her too thin to break, too supple to knot, like a blade. Or he was like a hair about her throat, too fine for her to pluck away.

Jacobson has a great reputation as a stylist. He does write beautifully, but never in the show-off manner of the professional littérateur. His style is a function of his meaning, a sign of his intelligence and control. It gives a hardness and density to the world he creates. It imposes values without preaching and is a token of what Trilling would call his sense of reality.

Despite this, Jacobson does not obey Trilling's rules. His subject is not class and snobbery, it is race. And race is not so much a theme as a dimension of the world he creates. In this he has the edge on William Faulkner who, for all his genius, is forever slipping out of the racial issue: he either treats it as though it *were* class, or uses it as a cipher for good and evil. I am not suggesting that Jacobson, who is only thirty, has as yet anything like the stature of Faulkner. But in *The Evidence of Love* he handles the theme a good deal more honestly and profoundly, however less powerfully, than Faulkner managed in *Light in August*. Like Kenneth Makeer, Faulkner's Joe Christmas looks white and thinks white. But he regards his Negro blood as a taint, a curse to be expiated, and neither he nor his author quite faces the implications. Christmas broods on it and deliberately, self-pityingly, violently degrades himself. In turn, Faulkner sets up a great smokescreen of neurosis (the white woman who takes Joe for her lover is nymphomaniac) and of symbolism (there is an insistent, though never properly worked-out, suggestion, that Joe is a kind of Southern Jesus Christ). But where Faulkner excuses the moral issues or shuffles them out of the way, Jacobson faces them squarely. Kenneth betrays Isabel by not admitting he is Coloured; and in doing so, he betrays himself, since all his education, his law-training in England, his making a kind of European of himself, is justified only by his loyalty to his roots, his colour. When this fails, and when he imagines Isabel in her turn has betrayed him, he goes down into his private hell of guilt and introspection (though not, I should add, without a touch of self-dramatisation). So their marriage is no conventional happy ending. It is a final crystallisation of their separate identities which frees them to acknowledge the political responsibility of their acts; that is, they return to South Africa and are put in prison. It is an expiation of guilt as plain as the crucifixion of Joe Christmas. But it is not self-enclosed, it is political, as Kenneth himself says:

> 'By arresting us and bringing us into this court . . . the State has made my love for my wife, and her love for me, a public and political act. For this reason we cannot be punished by the court, but only released by it – released from the public and political hatreds, the public and political guilts, which make ugly the most private and secret lives of everyone who lives in this country.'

For all his imaginative grasp, Faulkner has never convincingly made this step from private intensity to public responsibility.

The reasons are plain enough. Faulkner was born in the deepest South and has made his life there; so he lacks the critical freedom Jacobson has gained by transplanting himself to England (I doubt, in fact, if *The Evidence of Love* could have been written in South Africa. It is as much a political act as Makeer's return). More important, Faulkner writes as a white among whites; however feelingly he talks of the Negro as the white man's conscience, he is still part of the Southern racial aristocracy; he may struggle with his conscience but, ultimately, he wins. Jacobson, on the other hand, is not only South African, he is also Jewish. It is this, I think, that gives him his extraordinary awareness of racial tensions; they are deeply part of his sensibility, as rich in creative possibilities as

**The Evidence of Love.* By DAN JACOBSON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

ever class was to Trilling's European tradition. And, of course, the situation of the intelligent Coloured who can pass as a white is not much different from that of a Jew who can pass as a Gentile, nor is the moral treason much less. So Jacobson's racial compassion seems founded on a sense of slightly guilty identification with the Negroes and Coloureds. Somewhere, he feels, he is one of them. And this gives him not only his racial insights, but also his uneasiness which stops him accepting any pat political or romantic solution. For race, from the inside, is not a separate problem with a separate answer. It is not a cause or a 'larger issue' in which to submerge one's identity. It *is* one's identity, and the answers, Jacobson shows, are in the complexities of life itself.

This is both the strength and the weakness of the book. He has transposed on to a Coloured boy the difficulties of being Jewish, and then geared them up until they seem appropriately more extreme. It doesn't altogether work. Jacobson commands great eloquence and he uses it to raise the necessary intensity. But eloquence is a tricksy gift; handled wrongly it topples into rhetoric. Jacobson's style, like his hero, may have 'the knack of exciting solicitude'; but at times he falls victim to it;

> In the sunlight, on the outskirts of sandy and peaceful Lyndhurst, Isabel had seen that terrible things were taking place: poverty and disease, hunger, violence and apathy, despair, dislocation and indifference, were embodied in the black faces and hands and histories of individual men and women who together made up whole townships of people, and who lived and worked in such a wild confusion of instinct and law, of ignorance and hope, that sometimes Isabel felt enraged at them for their sheer pertinacity in going on, in continuing to laugh, curse, weep, couple, bear children, work, live as they could.

Here, as in Isabel's conversations with Miss Bentwisch or in the faintly melodramatic violence of Kenneth's self-horror, Jacobson is not so much overstating the case as stating it in a way that does not match his otherwise carefully maintained artistic detachment. Granted the subject hardly encourages detachment, but the whole of Jacobson's power depends on his tone. The more he strains, the less effective he seems. In a way, Kenneth is less convincing than the figures who surround him and matter less.

But strain or no strain, I can think of no other novelist with the range and compassion and insight to tackle the theme at all. *The Evidence of Love* may not be such an assured artistic success as Jacobson's earlier novels, but it is considerably more ambitious, more important, and promises heaven knows what to come.

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Bad Dream

The window was made of ice with bears
lumbering across it,
Bears the size of flies;
The ceiling was one great web with flies
cantankering in it,
Flies the size of men;
The floor was riddled with holes with men
phutscuttering down them
Into the jaws of mice.

Outside there were no other houses, only
bedizened hoardings
With panties prancing on them
And an endless file of chromiumplated lamp
posts
With corpses dangling from them
And one gaunt ruined church with a
burglar alarm filibustering
High and dry in the steeple.

Here then the young man came who wanted
to eat and drink,
To play, pray, make love;
Electronic voices nagged at him out of
the filtered air,
The eyes on the hoarding winked;
He knocked at the door of the house, the
bears buzzed and the flies
Howled to him to come in.

Inside he found a table laid for two, a mirror
Flanking the double bed,
On the night table a scent spray, a tin of
biscuits, a bible,
A crucifix on the wall
And beside it a comic postcard: all this
he carefully noticed
And then he noticed the floor

Bomb-pocked with tiny holes, from one of
which there rose
A tiny wisp of white.
He watched as it clawed the air two inches
from the floor
And saw it for what it was,
The arm of a girl; he watched and just
could hear her voice
Say: Wait! Wait till I grow.

And the arm grew and he wished to bend
and clutch the hand
But found he could no more move,
The arm grew and the fingers groped for
help, the voice
That had grown with the arm, the voice
That was now a woman's about to be saved
or lost was calling
For help. He could not move.

Then everything buzzed and boomed. The
chaps outside on the lamp posts
Hooted, broke wind, and wept,
Men the size of flies dropped down his
neck while the mansized
Flies gave just three cheers
And he could not move. The darkness
under the floor gave just
One shriek. The arm was gone.

LOUIS MACNEICE

Pity the Armament King!

The Fall and Rise of Alfried Krupp. By GORDON YOUNG. *Cassell.* 21s.

Socialist readers will find Mr Young's study of Alfried Krupp a little disappointing. It claims, for one thing, to be objective: 'neither an indictment nor a defence'. What they used to call bourgeois objectivity, I believe. Of course, one can assemble the facts, and drill them chronologically; but the product is not history, Socialist or otherwise. To answer the question 'was Krupp a war criminal?' we need a few presuppositions. Mr Young's are those of the sensational journalist. And his facts are a bit shaky, too. He writes of Hitler's demand (in 1935!) for an army of 55,000 men: has he not heard of the Weimar Republic's army of 100,000 men? Again, his account of the rise of Krupps in the last century is sadly inadequate. Founded in 1812, the firm owed much to Napoleon's premature attempt at a European Common Market: competition with British steel was a matter of life and death from the start. This would have made a fascinating, and highly topical, essay in economic history. Unfortunately, it is dismissed in a couple of paragraphs.

Was Alfried Krupp, the present head of the firm, a war criminal? Strictly speaking, he was not. The American judges who tried him in 1948 dismissed the mountain of evidence on this score: it did not prove any actual connivance in Nazi war plans. The aim of the prosecution was to prove Alfried Krupp's personal guilt; the firm itself was not on trial. He could not be held responsible, for instance, for the firm's record during and after the First World War. As to collaboration with the Nazis, he was not a member of the firm during the crucial years 1933-35, when his father, Gustav, swung the resources of Krupps behind Hitler. Only in 1943, when the war was as good as lost, did Alfried Krupp take over full personal responsibility.

It is because the court was concerned with Alfried Krupps' personal responsibility that the dates are important. The American plan to put Alfried on trial in place of his father was opposed by the British at the time; and, in the issue, it misfired badly. To visit the sins of the father on the son was held to be contrary to American legal practice. But if Alfried Krupp was acquitted on this major charge, he was still exposed to the charges of

having employed slave labour and shared in the plunder of conquered Europe. By 1943 the firm was employing some 70,000 slave workers of various nationalities; it was on this count that Alfried was convicted and sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment.

Such was the extent of Alfried Krupp's guilt, in the opinion of his American judges. What is his own opinion, now that he has returned to riches and honour? As expressed to Mr Young, it is that if he hadn't run Krupps at the end of the war, the Nazis would have put in one of their own men, and that would have been a great deal worse. On slave labour, he maintains that he did his best to protect those who worked for him from the depredations of the SS and that, anyway, he had no option. This is, of course, perfectly true; Krupp was only doing what all his fellow industrialists were doing, and had no choice. But this is just where the moral headaches begin. 'If it hadn't been me, it would have been someone else'; one has heard this argument rather often in post-war Germany. It is the standard and universal excuse and it would appear to have some odd consequences morally. Could not all the wicked arms manufacturers, from the first Friedrich Krupp to Sir Basil Zaharoff, have said: If we hadn't made the arms, someone else would have done so? Trotsky's assassin could have defended himself in like terms, or any bank robber.

Herr Krupp has never robbed a bank. But then, of course, he has never needed to. Among capitalists, Herr Krupp is in many ways an admirable man; great wealth has brought him nothing but toil and responsibility. The richest man in Europe is a sad, joyless figure, bearer of a great burden. In manner, he is the German's idea of the Englishman: tall, reserved, gentlemanly, elegant, modest. It is typical of the man that he should never have complained of his treatment after the war: he is a believer in Fate and the stiff upper lip. To be fair, though, it should be said that his desire to renounce the manufacture of arms seems genuine enough. And that he is willing to make such restitution as he can for his firm's activities during the war is clear from his gesture in making available half-a-million pounds compensation money (and more, if necessary) to Jews who worked in Krupp factories. It may not seem much for a man of his wealth (and it excludes non-Jewish deportees); but it is, at least, a beginning.

The fact is, of course, that by the standards of our society Herr Krupp is a most estimable man. He is a vastly powerful, but conscientious, intelligent, and unusually humane, leader of industry (the Krupp firm has long been famous for its welfare services and pension schemes). There isn't really any standard by which Krupps can be condemned, and Standard Oil and General Motors passed over in silence. Herr Krupp is determined to get his coal and steel interests back, and nobody now is going on the barricades to stop him. That he is a highly successful competitor to British goods is hard to forgive: but it is not a crime. Indeed, if you look at the thing objectively, the only crime Krupps ever committed was to think that what was good for Krupps International Inc. (*sic*) would be good for Germany, too.

JOHN MANDER

New paperbacks include V. S. Pritchett's collection of essays *The Living Novel* (Arrow Books, 3*s* 6*d*), J. Dover Wilson's *The Essential Shakespeare* (Cambridge, 8*s* 6*d*), and Arthur O. Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being* (Hamilton: Harper, 15*s*).

Fabian Revolutionaries?

Out of Apathy, EDITED BY E. P. THOMPSON. *Stevens.* 15*s.*

This volume, the first of a series of New Left Books, is the fruit of three years study, discussion and controversy, an encouraging example of group co-operation allied to academic ability. The six contributors, drawn largely from the provincial universities and the editorial board of *New Left Review*, are by no means detached intellectuals and all have participated in some form of direct political action. Blessedly free from the rigid phraseology and platitudes of Stalinist writers, their purpose is not to dogmatise but to lay down broad lines of thought which may provoke further discussion and action within the Socialist movement.

E. P. Thompson, Ralph Samuel and Stuart Hall detect apathy as a symptom of general decay inside a society where the drive for profit and the hypnotic ritual of the salesmen have subordinated basic human priorities to a bad second place. The new business leaders, Ralph Samuel points out, exercise a political influence considerably more extensive than that of the classical entrepreneurs.

> Company pluralists and industrial salesmen, they stand at the intersections of government and industry . . . If there is unemployment on Merseyside or distress in West Wales, it is to Standards and Fords that the government must turn.

Meanwhile the press cultivates a public image of the business man as the knight errant of our time. The *Sunday Express* opened the Sixties with a series on 'The Men Worth Millions', and the *Sunday Times*, not to be outdone, came up with 'The Multi-Millionaires'. This has been the trend of the Fifties. Lords Monckton and Chandos, in leaving the Cabinet, relinquished little of their effective political influence. 'If Britain is to succeed,' wrote Lord Chandos, 'then so must AEI'.

Samuel proceeds to illustrate how mythical is the claim that the big corporations look to all classes of the nation for managerial recruits. In 1956 Rolls Royce endowed 500 public school places, while 90 of the largest corporations distribute funds for scientific education among the Headmasters' Conference alone. It is a pity, as Stuart Hall says, that the huge, welfare-minded firm cannot reduce the average size of the classes in state schools from 40 to 30 children.

The moral problem is equally acute. We are confronted with a monolithic press and advertising campaign to divert human aspirations into the channels of selfish individualism. 'The lucky slum kid of today,' declared the *Express*, 'can break through all social barriers to become the millionaire of tomorrow'. (Copy to Moscow?) In the words of Richard Hoggart, the bemused television audience, far from being free, 'is almost entirely unable to look up and say "But in fact this cake is made of sawdust" '. Long live the new age of Social Darwinianism in which everybody is somebody else's sucker.

Equally refreshing is an excellent essay by Peter Worsley on the fallacies of our post-war foreign policy and on the uneasy marriage of the old and new imperialisms. One can only endorse his plea that we learn 'to look at world history with the width of vision of a Nehru, and to see the East afresh through the eyes of a Needham'. Thompson's demolition of the Orwell myth is also long overdue.

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So much for the analysis of our present discontents. Unfortunately *Out of Apathy* forfeits its verve and confidence when suggesting the shape of things to come. Eager to denounce Stalinism and to dissociate themselves from Bolshevism, these writers make little mention of the immense institutional, educational and moral achievements of the USSR which, despite the lack of political freedom, should be an encouragement to all who believe in the efficacy of socialist planning. Why is this? Just as the British Labour movement finds itself wedged between communism on the one hand and capitalism on the other, so these contributors are also hemmed in, both physically and intellectually, between the CP and Mr Gaitskell's people. The result is uneasy confusion.

Discussing revolution, Thompson remarks that for the Labour movement 'the experience of the Russian revolution made the concept of a revolutionary transition – *any* transition – to socialism appear to be synonymous with civil war, censorship, purges . . .' and he goes on to reject 'the iron dictatorship of the proletariat and the rest . . .' suggesting as an alternative 'the dislodgement of the power of capital from the commanding heights and the assertion of the power of socialist democracy by unrelenting pressure in many fields . . .' Thompson clearly believes such a policy to be in direct contrast to the Fabian mentality of the Labour movement. 'The point of breakthrough,' he writes, 'is not one more shuffle along the evolutionary path . . .' Well, what is it?

Here is the dilemma. Rejecting both Fabian evolution and Bolshevik revolutionary violence, discreetly ignoring the question as to whether acute economic distress and unemployment is the necessary precursor of a socialist 'revolution', this school of thought falls back on the hope that the patient educational activity of left clubs and trade union groups will bring the people to socialist maturity. Certainly this is what we would like to happen, but will it? Does such a hope really comprehend the lessons of twentieth-century history? And is this approach so far different, after all, from the Fabian one?

Various hints are dropped that Parliament may prove inadequate as a medium for the Socialist take-over bid, that greater reliance may have to be put on local councils (is Soviet a dirty word?) and that, among other bastions of capitalism, the press monopolies may have to be broken up. Is this democracy as we know it? Or just socialist democracy? Are reactionary political parties to be allowed full scope during the crisis period? What of the armed forces? These are the questions posed by recent history, but the contributors, seemingly anxious to maintain a basic British-democratic respectability, pass them by. Lenin, after all, was not so far wrong in suggesting that the working class, conditioned by an existence under capitalism, naturally gravitates towards negative trade union action, in itself a diversion of energies from a full political upheaval. Consequently some form of dictatorship by a politically-conscious group for a transition period may be the only way to ensure the stability of a full socialist revolution. Until this excellent and progressive group devote more thought to this problem, they will appear to hover in the uneasy posture of Fabian revolutionaries.

DAVID CAUTE

OUT OF THE
SMOKE
Ray Parkin
With an introduction by
Laurens van der Post

WILLIAM GOLDING: 'This is neither a novel (though it reads like one) nor exactly an autobiography, nor precisely a history, but something of all three . . . *H.M.A.S. Perth* and the *U.S. Houston*, two small cruisers, had flung themselves at a Japanese invasion force and fought against the overwhelming escort, until their ammunition was exhausted and they were smashed to pieces.'

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Brief Lives

Two Tudor Portraits. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1517-1547. Lady Katherine Grey, 1540-1568. Two brief lives. Miss Chapman, rather arbitrarily perhaps, has chosen to unite them in a single book, primarily, it seems, in order to carry us back into Tudor England – to make us 'see Henry VIII as Surrey saw him, to feel Queen Elizabeth's power as Katherine felt it.' This is a legitimate, but a risky, undertaking. The England of Elizabeth I may for a moment be closing in around us, but we are unpleasantly jolted back into the England of Elizabeth II by a phrase like 'he was sociologically isolated,' or a reference to 'Protestant intellectuals of the middle class.' It is only fair to say, though, that such lapses are infrequent, and perhaps for this reason grate all the more. On the whole, Miss Chapman has been deft in setting the sixteenth-century scene, and is properly careful not to romanticise her characters. Indeed, at times she goes too far to the opposite extreme and almost seems to be writing a school report on a delinquent pupil: 'her behaviour was presumptuous and rash to the point of lunacy.' No heroine, she.

For all Miss Chapman's careful research and skill in presentation, her book seems to me to fail as a unified composition, largely because of a flaw in the original conception. In picking upon the Earl of Surrey and Lady Katherine Grey she has chosen two characters of secondary importance but of such marked idiosyncrasy that they can hardly be considered as valid representatives of the age. There is, in reality, a theme in Surrey's career of considerable general significance: the hatred of the great Tudor families for what Surrey calls 'these new erected men,' 'these new men' who 'love no nobility.' But Miss Chapman is not in a position to make much of this theme, precisely because she is tied to a secondary character, about whom there is not really so very much to say. All she can do is to follow through his career, and, until the final days, when he stands trial for treason, this is really rather dull.

The life of Lady Katherine Grey, on the other hand, although like Surrey's it seems to lack point, makes very good reading. The feather-brained younger sister of Lady Jane Grey, jealous, impulsive, a pawn on the European chessboard who aspires to move like a queen, and goes and marries young Hertford without royal consent – the story is absurd, but, in Miss Chapman's hands, oddly poignant. In so far as there is a unity between her story and that of Surrey, it is to be found in a poetic rather than a historical theme: what Henry VIII in a letter to Norfolk calls 'this transitory life before us.' The thread of the 'transitory life' runs all the way through these two studies. For a few years, the flame burns brightly and then is suddenly extinguished. Miss Chapman neatly ends each life as in fact it did end – with a Jacobean monument, pompously inscribed. The heavy tombs provide an ironical commentary on the dust within, but it is not the only irony. For all the shortness of Surrey's and Lady Katherine's lives, it somehow seems as if they were yet too long. Lady Katherine pined away at the age of 28, weary of a life that had turned sour. As for Surrey, surely the root cause of his troubles was that he was unemployed, and time hung heavy on his hands. (How often is the importance of boredom underestimated in the history of aristocratic discontents!) Self-centred and bored, he played for high stakes, and lost. And the price? Life itself. *Hic breve vivitur . . .*

JOHN ELLIOTT

Complexity Is Not Enough

The Charted Mirror. By JOHN HOLLOWAY. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

In a broadcast of September, 1956, Mr Holloway suggested that the one-time revolutionary methods of 'close reading, "taking a poem to pieces", talk about imagery, ambiguities, associations, poetic textures' were degenerating into a ritual evasion of genuinely critical response. It was a valuable warning – critical traditions are as difficult and laborious to inherit as poetic ones – and for the same reason, so is *The Charted Mirror*. Collecting various essays in support of his original and here amplified paper, Mr Holloway now proposes that *'any guiding idea* with which the critic may equip himself . . . is likely to open up parts of his subject, *but certain parts only'*, so that in the case of any long work, poem, play or novel, to insist merely on 'the words on the page' because 'we must discuss *something*' is wholly inadequate. The important meanings of a long work emerge from the inspection of 'sequence', from what – if detective stories (and bad criticism, one might add), hadn't deformed the idea – you would call 'the plot'. Similarly, in short poems to discover 'complexity' is not automatically to confer merit.

Mr Holloway sets out to illustrate these and related contentions with three groups of essays: one each on poets, novelists, and critics; and this order has its point. The

notorious bane of general criticism is that the ideas tend to lead a spurious life of their own. *The Charted Mirror* avoids this, first, by accumulating a sufficiently detailed context in which the ideas are no more than leading motifs; and second, by conducting the theoretical discussion so that, without evocative catch-phrases, or even many specific references, the previous comments on individual writers are felt to speak through the generalisations. The ideas remain open to what they are ideas about. The structure of the book, then, makes its main point: if it is necessary to have 'guiding ideas', it is even more necessary to know precisely the scope and direction of your chosen assumptions. You come away from this final section with an admirably detailed recognition of how damaging lack of this awareness can be, how thoroughly it mistranslates the keenest, most sensitive insight.

In the essays on poets and novelists, though, there is some unevenness. Only those on Skelton and Hardy stand out; those on Wyndham Lewis and Swift are interesting (the latter a good one for undergraduates worried about 'satire'); but the rest suffer from 'thesis'. 'The difference is, that Donne's verse is almost always creating in his reader's mind a profound impression that behind it there is a rich *and* wide *and* sensitive contact with reality'. (Those 'ands' are symptomatic). But the differences which this essay unfolds lie not between Donne and, say, Carew or Marvell, but Patmore and Morris. Donne's superior content remains a claim, and though you can see why Mr Holloway works this easy contrast – briefly, it is Donne's matter, and not his manner that is important – the lack of substance behind his phrase is not forgotten. 'Literary masterpieces', he says later, 'extend and enrich the reader's grasp of life' – but you can't argue this kind of point. It needs demonstrative essays: those on Donne-and-Patmore, Keats's Odes, on Hardy's *Tess* and James's *The Awkward Age* withdraw too much into the thinner air of Mr Holloway's disquisition about different critical presumptions.

In fact, if there is one general criticism to be made, it lies here. Mr Holloway's particular guiding idea, the predisposition which controls his handling of literature, is 'the limitations of any one guiding idea'. 'I do not wish to dispute . . .' he often says, but dispute he does, and the disarmingly easy vigour of his prose is most lively in relation to points-to-be-made, rather than in the precise definition of insights. Not that he is unaware of this: 'if the other kind of criticism is exhilarating, it is also heady, and perhaps predatory', and he means the kind of criticism for which I am evidently confessing a predatory appetite. But that does not explain the recurrent generalisations about rich wide sensitive contacts with reality; though perhaps it does explain why this statement –

> our eager acceptance of this critical ideal (subtlety and complexity) . . . is related with special closeness to our own life – our mainly urban society, with its extraordinary degree of leisure, non-violence, sophistication and comfort –

is, despite its initial suggestiveness, not more than a gesture. 'Giving' – certainly of this order – 'famishes the craving'. And if, for such an excellent book, this is a negative note to end on, that is partly because such comments penetrate so much more deeply than the thesis which provokes them. Mr Holloway's discussion is not quite stringent enough; and it would be a lesser thing if it were.

GRAHAM MARTIN

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Public Enquiry

Trial by Tribunal. By GEORGE W. KEETON. *Museum Press.* 25s.

From 1679, when a House of Commons Committee on the state of the Navy was induced by a mass of false evidence (which it eagerly absorbed) to put Pepys into the Tower of London for fourteen months without trial, Parliamentary committees of enquiry became more and more likely to draft their reports with bitter political partisanship. They were still doing it in 1912, when, nevertheless, the report of the Marconi Enquiry inexplicably failed to destroy Lloyd George. The decision in 1921 to entrust these sanitary investigations to very small extra-Parliamentary 'tribunals' (why *does* this word inspire such popular confidence?) was one of the triumphs of British legal genius; and yet, as plainly appears from this fascinating short study by the Head of the Department of Laws at University College, London, the modern instrument can still inflict cruel injustices.

The stories of Walpole, Parnell, Jameson, Peterloo, the Dardanelles – these have been told often enough, but Professor Keeton necessarily reviews them by way of setting his stage (and takes in an engaging story about a Speaker of the House of Commons receiving a 1,000-guinea sweetener from the Corporation of London for helping one of its private Bills through). And because the Special Commissions Act, 1888, passed for the express purpose of setting up the Parnell Commission, became in due course the model for the Tribunals of Enquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921, the Parnell story occupies more than a fifth of this book. For my part, I could have sacrificed a lot of this for the Sheppard Tribunal of 1925, the odd story of the St Helens Watch Committee in 1928, the Glasgow Corporation corruption affair in 1933, and the Hereford Juvenile Court case of 1943. All these are fairly well and accessibly documented, each of them led to procedural changes of sufficient importance to engage the concern of lawyers as well as the liberties of laymen, and it would be valuable to have them all in one book.

A skilfully condensed account of the Savidge Enquiry in 1928 draws the conclusion (fully justified by a knowledge of the facts) that the Parliamentary friends of Sir Leo Money did him no kind of service when they blew up the case into a great public issue. But it is difficult to see what else the Home Secretary (Joynson-Hicks) could have done than take the allegations seriously and ask the Director of Public Prosecutions to investigate. The investigation, which was in fact done by Scotland Yard, was a bit too zealous and there was another Parliamentary uproar, leading to the appointment of a Tribunal. By two to one this exonerated the police, but the minority report came from Mr Lees-Smith, who couldn't have liked policemen much, and it alone forced the appointment of the 1929 Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure, with terms of reference far wider than those now engaging the Willink Commission.

Professor Keeton's book demonstrates the helplessness of anyone whose conduct is publicly enquired into under the Tribunals of Enquiry (Evidence) Act, 1921. The fact that he is not formally accused of anything deprives him of the right to speak except in answer to questions (though he can go to prison for not answering those); and the Act expressly gives the Tribunal the right to deprive him of a lawyer to speak for him. Not everyone was reassured by what the Attorney-General (Sir Donald Somervell, as he then was) said in the Commons debate on the J. H. Thomas affair in 1936, when he was being pressed to institute a criminal prosecution:

> It would be somewhat foreign to our general methods that information which results from the existence or exercise of wide powers of compulsory interrogation and discovery of documents of this kind should be made the basis of a subsequent criminal charge.

Trial by Tribunal is a book that was crying out to be written, and Professor Keeton, it turns out, was the writer it was waiting for.

C. H. ROLPH

Little England

In Pursuit of the English. By DORIS LESSING. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21s.

There must be, somewhere in London, a rooming-house that is not stuffed from basement to rafters with eccentrics, and where the landlady is not a 'character'. Mrs Lessing, for one, has not been able to find it, but then she was new to the country and had to take what she could get. She lived for a while in this broad, tall house with the chocolate-brown woodwork, where Flo the landlady was forever cadging cigarettes, Rose the shop assistant was forever scheming to get even with her boy friend, and the Skeffingtons upstairs were forever at it on their creaking bed. This is the record of her stay.

In Pursuit of the English is a completely misleading title, suggesting as it does an updated *England, Their England* (a job that, incidentally, badly needs doing.) Mrs Lessing does bring up to date one or two characters from Ze Mad English rep. company – the comic landlady and the comic colonel – but she is in fact concerned with some rather untypical people in a rather untypical house. Even on these terms, the book is vaguely unsatisfactory. There is nothing wrong with any of the characters as such. They're all colourful. They're all credible, except when they come together in a Mr Muddlecombe court scene. It's just that the house where Mrs Lessing lived seems to have been some sort of depot where characters awaited their turn to be dispersed into contemporary novels. Flo in one novel and Rose in another, and Mr MacNamara alias Ponsonby (a marvellous and original rogue) in a third would be fine. But they stampede one's credibility rather when they all come together in the same crooked house.

There is also something wrong with the tone of the book. The background is by now familiar – middle-class writer living self-consciously at ease and in equality with working-class people, who find it rather odd that she should write real reading-books but 'don't hold it against her'. But the whole thing is too determinedly rollicking. Mrs Skeffington throwing herself Scarlett O'Hara-wise downstairs, and the little child mimicking her parents' lovemaking in front of the mirror, do not belong in the London-belongs-to-me atmosphere which Mrs Lessing has evoked. The author in fact oscillates between realism and sentiment. She is able to observe acutely, for example, that working-class people often drop their aitches *humorously* ('I've got the 'ump') like Tony Hancock – but this does not prevent her, when the mood takes her, from following the party line laid down by those excruciating radio serials about comic cockney families. As I say, *In Pursuit of the English* is an invaluable notebook for Mrs Lessing the novelist, but it doesn't really add up to a book by Mrs Lessing the social observer.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

New Novels

Invitation to a Beheading. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

The Inquisitors. By GEORGE ANDRZEYEVSKI. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13s. 6d.

All or Nothing. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 16s.

Praise a Fine Day. By SIGRID DE LIMA. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

The Crossing Point. By GERDA CHARLES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18s.

Thief. By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15s.

It seems to be allegory week again; always my torture. The display of Nabokov's versatility continues. *Invitation To A Beheading* is another of his early work-outs. It was written 25 years ago, in Russian, in Berlin. 'Just before the Nazi regime reached its full volume of welcome,' as he says in his foreword. The excellent English translation by his son, Dmitri, now appears for the first time and one hopes it will be unaccompanied by any further persecutory portents.

It is an odd fantasy, almost entirely dream-like in form. About one Cincinnatus C., a tiny wispy transient, guilty of no one quite knows what, awaiting execution by some mysterious authority in a huge insubstantial fortress. Despite the predicament, the mood is so inconsequent as to be almost escapist. Quite

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soon after sentence had been pronounced, 'Rodion the jailer came in and offered to dance a waltz with him. Cincinnatus agreed. They began to whirl.' Another of the jokes is 'Quercus', the immense biography of an oak which Cincinnatus is reading. He seems almost relieved to have got away from his wife and her compulsive infidelities, and, although there are anxious moments as the hour of 'chop-chop' by M. Pierre, the tattoo'd executioner, planted next door so as to make friends, approaches, you seldom feel there is any real danger. I suppose that like all punishment dreams it begins with the foreknowledge of a happy ending. Nabokov himself anticipates Freudian interpretations: 'The evil-minded will perceive in little Emmie [the director's daughter, a child who keeps popping in and out of Cincinnatus's cell] a sister of Lolita and the disciples of the Viennese witch doctor will snigger over it in their grotesque world of communal guilt and *progresivnoe* education.' He also points out that any assumed affinity with Kafka is beside the point because he wrote it before he had read *The Castle* or *The Trial*! Nonetheless there are some Kafkaesque symbolical properties, including a huge moth introduced into Cincinnatus's cell just before the end. My impression is that the content of the dream is largely personal and metaphysical and that it is a waste of time to start looking for political meanings. It makes a rather maddening book but it is excellently written and there is talent stamped all over it.

By contrast, the problem of interpretation in *The Inquisitors* is entirely political. How much is it meant to apply to life under a communist dictatorship and how much to fifteenth-century Spain in which it is realistically set? Equally, perhaps. It appears on the surface to be a perfectly straightforward, vivid, short, episodic historical novel. Torquemada, on a persecutory jaunt in Aragon, encounters a young Friar, Diego Manente, who attracts him by his outspoken idealism. 'Did you imagine,' he says, speaking like a wise dedicated party boss, 'that I was unaware that the Holy Tribunals attract and are even infiltrated by small wretched men?' And he takes Diego on as his private secretary. Various operations of the Holy Office are described, including an 'amusing' verbatim interrogation of a man whose defence is that as the devil didn't appear when he conjured him up he cannot be guilty. Then, suddenly, just before his death Torquemada's eyes are opened by a hallucinatory conversation he himself has with the devil. He passes on his last humanist injunction to his secretary who is so horrified that he slaps his master in the face. The trouble, it seems to me, is that in this impressive *tour de force* the balance between past and present is almost too scrupulously maintained; one oscillates between them so constantly that in the end one loses contact with either. The new allegorical fantastic reality necessary for a genuine piece of creation has not quite been attained.

The mixture of rural fantasy, science fiction, and archaeological hocus pocus which Mr Powys ladles out from his old Wessex wizard's continuum in *All or Nothing* defies interpretation altogether. It is difficult to swallow except as an exercise in self-parody. We start in the village of Foghorn with the Nu twins, John o' Dreams Nu and Jilly Tewky Nu, by Nezzar Nu out of Maria Tidd. Before long we are right outside the bounds of space and time. There are personal appearances by, *inter alia*, Boadicea, the Arch Druid, the inhabitants of the star Perosus, the Space Monster, and the Cerne Giant who holds oddly perverse views on cosmic phallic hygiene. As one of the exhibits in the Powys museum the book's value is considerable.

With *Praise A Fine Day* we are back on the path of straight naturalistic fiction. The narrator is a reminiscent young American painter who, at the time of this experience, was living in Rome precariously scrounging off tourists. His landlady approaches him with the proposal that he should marry Mara, the pregnant mistress of a rich Cairene Jew, so as to give her child American nationality. He agrees, but starts falling in love with her. It looks for a moment as if we are in for one of those peripatetic *ménages à trois*; but there are some unexpected complications, melodramatic in an oblique sort of way. Miss de Lima writes in a distinguished blue-rinsed, mandarin style, sets her scenes carefully, works hard at her detail. But though Mara makes an impression, the painter is not quite convincing and there are inconsistencies in his circumstances. Something seems to have gone slightly wrong with the machinery of sexual transposition here.

The Crossing Point is a sociological novel and a most intelligent and informative one. Subject: the Anglo-Jewish community of north-west London. We see them in Golders Green and St John's Wood, in Bournemouth and Westcliff hotels, leading their unique interclassless moneyed life, obeying their own conventions, socially encapsulated yet reacting with typical Jewish quickness to the spirit of the times. The principal situation turns on the Rabbi Norberg's search for a suitable wife and the trouble that bubbles up when his choice first lights on Sara Gabriel, daughter of a fanatical old bigot, 'notorious interrupter of public meetings, the bane of every lecturer

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in London.' This is a connecting link between a remarkable variety of characters. The dialogue is excellent. There is not a trace of that rather cloying sentiment which sometimes mars novels of Jewish life, but Miss Charles manages to avoid the deep melancholic misanthropy which is its converse; she writes like a humanist. Her book is full of life and has that solid quality which is particularly gratifying in a second novel.

Thief is a semi-documentary chronicle of a young criminal, Gerry Lovell, told by his childhood friend and neighbour. After approved school and Borstal Gerry becomes intoxicated with the glamour of large scale planned crime as exemplified by the famous tearaway, Graham Bond, and takes part in a version of the great airport robbery of 1948. It is readable and quite realistic up to a point, but in an access of sympathy for Gerry Mr Croft-Cooke introduces some curiously untypical twists into his personal situation, and a melodramatic reformatory ending which is not at all right.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Face of Japan

Living Japan. By DONALD KEENE. *Heinemann. 50s.*

Dr Keene is the editor of two first-rate anthologies of Japanese literature in translation, and author of an extraordinarily fascinating book about how Western science in the eighteenth century seeped into Japan, very improbably, by way of the obtuse and almost permanently sozzled Dutch merchants, in their tiny island concession in the harbour of Nagasaki. He writes about Japan with enthusiasm and affection, but he is an objective scholar, with no axe to grind. Not, probably, since Basil Hall Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*, published at the end of the last century, has there been such a clear and comprehensive, and easily readable, study of every aspect of Japanese life.

Writing simply, for the general reader, Dr Keene draws a wonderfully lucid map of such tangled subjects as the differences between the traditional religions of Japan (Shinto, Buddhism, Confucianism, Christianity) and the even more puzzling differences between modern Japanese political parties. He sketches in vivid outline geography, history, social customs, the modern economic situation. But he is most illuminating, perhaps, in brief flashes of personal insight. He mentions the importance, even for the very poor, of occasional small extravagances. He notes that there is no Japanese word for 'privacy'. He describes the extension of the Confucian family system to universities, where a professor may, like a father, expect to be consulted about a lecturer's marriage. He notes one of the most important changes in postwar Japan, the growth of a middle class with a middlebrow culture, fed steadily by mass media. Popular novelists, turning out 10,000 words a day (for serialisation, before book publication) can earn more than film stars. One middle-aged novelist has already written ninety-six novels.

Dr Keene's text accompanies a collection of magnificent photographs. These too offer strange contrasts: a kimono-clad family, sitting on the floor, watching television; a geisha-like dummy, outside a chemist's shop, offering American tranquillisers. One flips from fine photographs of terraced hills, rice planting, antique straw cone-shaped raincoats, paper umbrellas, to strip-tease and television aerials, and girls in loose shirts and tight trousers (half Chinese, half Chelsea) outside Tokyo beer parlours. This is a beautifully produced book, and an invaluable aid to the understanding of a very ancient and very modern civilisation.

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The 300th anniversary of the founding of the Royal Society is being celebrated this summer. Competitors are invited to mark the occasion with an Ode – remembering that early members included Charles II, Wren, Dryden, Pepys. Length 20 lines.

Report

'Annus Miserabilis' was the heading given by Margaret Wood to her Drydenesque ode, and, indeed, many competitors were unable to dissociate the Royal Society today from the blasting (and blasted) bomb. A. M. Sayers alone appreciated the scientist's compelling curiosity:

Though in our zeal we blow the world to dust
We can't go back; so, primed with faith and pride,
We persevere through perils, while we trust
To come out safely on the other side.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer's picture was cosier:

Pontifical calm
Beneath your potted palm.

Allan M. Laing's 'vehement' (to rhyme with 'agreement') might have jarred on some early poet-members. These competitors are joined by P. W. R. Foot, H. A. C. Evans and John Polfrey in the commended list. Prize-money divided among the entries printed.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY: 1660-1960

Thrice ten times ten, in solemn duty bound,
The World hath rolled Copernicanly round
Since first ye met, O tribe of Poet-Chymiks,
With optick engines, globes and other
gimmicks,
To lay down laws Improving Nat'ral
Knowledge,
And rule the Universe from Gresham
College.

There couldst thou be, O Dryden, safely
busy
(Though All For Love wast thou, not so was
Lizzie);
And fellow-victim of the Busby birch –
Couldst thou, Sir Christopher, take time
from church
To join the Virtuosos for a quickie
(Why shouldst not thou, like others,
circumspice?)

The lunar globe produced to thy designs
Kept Charles from 'toying with his
concubines'
(Thy phrase, O Ev'lyn: though the name
that leaps
To readers' minds may well be thine,
O Pepys).
O 'Merry Monarch', thou! – What other
Charlies
Could merit a *Threnodia Augustalis?*
– But soft! Thine urgent tones, O Sprat,
have rung
To still 'this volubility of tongue'.

TIMOTHY ROGERS

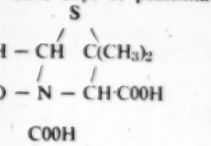
On the rock of intellectual integrity
(Forty good men and a weekly shilling)
Rose the Royal Society.

$$\left[\Gamma\left(\tfrac{1}{2}\right)=\sqrt{\pi}\right.$$

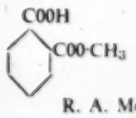
Natural Philosophy was not the only calling
Of its founders: Pepys, Dryden, Wren,
Aubrey, Sprat, Waller and Cowley
Rubbed shoulders with more scientific men
Like Isaac Newton, Hooke and Boyle and
Halley:
Charles II became its royal patron.

$$_4Be^9 + {}_2He^4 \longrightarrow {}_6C^{12} + {}_0n^1$$

Chadwick had not then discovered the
neutron;
But Prince Rupert with his gunpowder,
And the King with his dead and live fish
Put carefully into a bowl of water
Posed problems that we should be rash
To belittle now, in these days of penicillin



But also of aspirin



R. A. MCKENZIE

O happy days, when Englishmen
As variously diverse
As Charles the Second, Boyle and Wren
Could sit down and converse.
From synthesising intercourse
Of gentlemanly dabs,
Sprang formidable FRS's,
In unapproachable recesses,
Remote in ivory labs.
Held *incommunicado* by
A jargon all his own,
Each Fellow, now, with muttered sigh,
Talks to himself alone.
So be it your mid-century mission
With this sad educational fission
Henceforward to have done;
Restore again the old alliance
Between Philosophy and Science,
And, bidding specialists defiance,
Make the Two Cultures one.

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The latest sterling balance figures will hardly affect this verdict. The deposits held in London by foreigners fell by £19m in the first three months of 1960: debt was being paid off in a period during which the gold reserve rose by £16m, and it seems fair to assume that the balance of payments is now more favourable than it was at the end of 1959.

So far, so good. But there is no reason at all to suppose that the balance has improved enough to cover the increase in long-term foreign investment expected to take place this year. The rise in imports may well slacken off with industry's anxiety to accumulate stocks; exports may rise further despite the talk of shortages and bottlenecks – production increased again in April after three months of standstill; but there is almost certain to be a gap. There was a sizeable gap last year, but it was more than covered by the fact that Commonwealth countries were piling up short-term balances in London. They are unlikely to continue doing so. In the first quarter of this year, though non-sterling countries ran up their balances by £27m and the colonies by the same amount, independent Commonwealth countries ran down their balances by £56m to finance their rising imports.

This is the most favourable season of the year for sterling and the exchange rate is still firm, but if the present trend continues there is almost certain to be a fall in the gold reserve in the second half of the year. Unless it is exaggerated by a sharp improvement in the US trade balance and by the reawakened German appetite for gold, the fall need not be serious enough to cause the government alarm.

It is rather odd, however, to find that Britain is still proposing to lead a reluctant Europe into formal convertibility at this autumn's meeting of the International Monetary Fund. There is a general election of a difference between the present, slightly worried attitude about the balance of payments and the wantonly exuberant mood of last year when the illusory strength of the reserve was used as an excuse not only for prolonging the consumer spree but for repaying handsomely ahead of time a couple of useful long-term loans. Perhaps the government simply could not trust itself with the money.

* * *

If the Chancellor has so far refused to restrict the growth of the motor industry, despite the way in which it is beginning to upset the balance of the economy, it is partly because the large firms have reluctantly agreed to move into underdeveloped areas. British Motor is now in Scotland and Rootes

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is about to follow; Rover is in Cardiff; Ford, Vauxhall and Standard are now on Merseyside.

All of them would have preferred to expand their existing factories and make present labour shortages still worse; the Board of Trade induced them to change their minds, not by waving around the grants and loans of which so much has been made, but simply by refusing them permission to expand further where they were. They were unwilling to move but still more anxious to increase production while the public appetite lasted; they all, some making more profitable fuss about it than others, finally moved.

All but one, that is. Jaguar, like the larger firms, was anxious to expand its production facilities in Coventry and, like the larger firms, was refused permission to put up a new factory. While the others flounced off impatiently to Scotland and Wales, Jaguar waited at home with £3½m in its pocket. Now it has quietly announced that it is taking over the Daimler Company from BSA. For a price said to be between £5m and £6m, it is obtaining a 56½-acre site within five minutes of its own main plant and 'any planning for expansion elsewhere is for the time being unnecessary'. Daimler, Britain's oldest motor car firm, will remain in existence; production of its two saloons, its buses and its military vehicles will go on, for the time being. But BSA has kept Daimler going largely for prestige purposes: the company accounted for only 15 per cent of group sales and was making losses until a drastic reorganisation two years ago threw up the surplus capacity which will be so useful to Jaguar. BSA, its shareholders are hoping, will be able to invest the price of its white elephant profitably enough to increase its earnings considerably. Jaguar, its shareholders hope, will now be able to afford to pay out more than ten per cent of its earnings in dividend.

★ ★ ★

The members of the Industrial Bankers Association have been discussing the question of personal loans. Once their credit-rating system gets under way, it will be natural for them to compete with the banks—personal loans are more flexible, and more profitable, than straight hire-purchase. The fact that a couple of American finance houses are feeling out the ground can only encourage them to get in first. But if, as is thought, the government's measures to control HP finance houses are to be aimed at protecting the depositor rather than at increasing Grandma's influence over them, the growth of the personal loan habit could create a pretty little monetary (and social) problem.

Company News

Some merchant banks do better in a Stock Exchange boom than others: *Philip Hill's* profits are up by only 40 per cent, while those of *Singer & Friedlander* have risen much more modestly still.

In the brewery war, *Joshua Tetley* of Leeds, which took over Walker Cain of Liverpool only last month, is now bidding for another Leeds brewer.

Lancashire Steel, like *Thomas Firth*, has raised its interim dividend; the dividend and profits of *John Summers* are much what the chairman said they would be; *Consett Iron* has reported a sharp recovery in profits but, needing all the money it can get, has kept its dividend where it was.

The *Shell* group figures for the first quarter of 1960 show a five per cent rise in sales but a gross profit smaller than in any quarter of 1959.

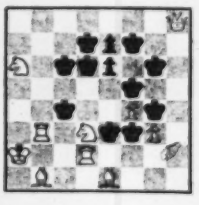
TAURUS

The Chess Board

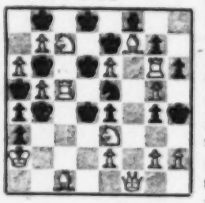
No. 551 Pentecostal Regicide

A mere glance at **A** may not be very helpful in elucidating my headline; but when multiplying the ten Black Kings by five it is simple enough to obtain the desirable seasonal connotation. The solution of the problem involved is even simpler than that, so much so that I feel almost embarrassed in offering the princely fee of half a ladder-point per mate. What matters is to mate all the ten Kings by one single move, a fell blow if ever there was one. Having got used to the awesome spectacle of multimating we might as well contemplate it once again; and having been over-generous at first I will now be parsimonious. In offering a mere 6 points for **B** I admit that this is hardly the rate for the job, and I suspect that some exasperated competitors may call it sweated labour. They might find some consolation in the fact that here they have merely nine Kings to deal with, but even so it should take at least 11 moves to get all those Kings properly mated. After this chore, the 7 points to be garnered for **C** may well seem quite a bargain. Moreover, I can save the space of a diagram. Just put the Black K on a8, the White K on h1, and three White Queens on b1, c1, and d1 respectively. No one could deny that White has some material advantage; even so it should take him all of 7 moves to force the mate when complying with the condition that no one of the three ladies is to budge from the back-rank. And now for the traditional holiday-suimate, and a very pretty piece too. **D** (for 8 points) is equally brilliant in every one of its three variations. It's a 'sui in 4', and for the benefit of uninitiated newcomers I had better explain that White, suicidally-minded, is to force Black to mate him in four moves.

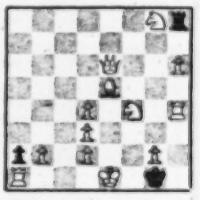
A: G. Reichhelm 1920



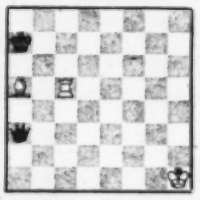
B: C. H. Waterbury 1931



D: F. J. Prokop 1932

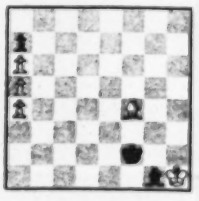


E: V. Halberstadt 1950



Finally a couple of honest endgame-studies to please the more seriously-minded competitors. **E**, a draw, and **F**, a win, are beauties indeed; and while neither of them is exactly easy they aren't all too difficult either; and in rating them as generously as 9 and 10 points respectively I am merely guided by the pedantic urge to get the total swag up to 45.

F: M. Liburkin 1933



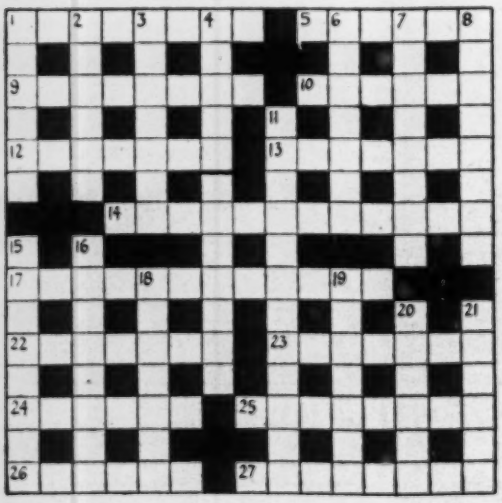
Entries by 13 June.

ASSIAC

The Report on No. 548 has been held over until next week.

Week-end Crossword 408

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 408, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 14 June.



ACROSS

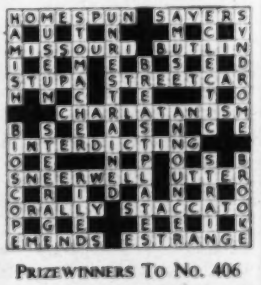
1. Scum of the people (8).
5. Seats with a high middle (6).
9. It sounds as if she would wed for money (8).
10. Old chap who makes a mistake? (6).
12. Town in which the wise are outside the pale (7).
13. Coincidence when Ravel is mixed up in his work (7).
14. Potentially cancer is gone as an obligation (12).
17. Sport for an angry nation (12).
22. Insect and animal form an object of terror (7).
23. Wartime stronghold starts to fall (7).
24. Town in which evil goes from one article to another (6).
25. The captain holds a sailor born for cleaning the decks (8).
26. Stranger after a penny for a plant (6).
27. The bird won't have anything to do with levers (8).

DOWN

1. Slack about a girl (6).
2. How paper is laid out for floor-covering (6).
3. Put in a different class, although the king agreed differently (7).
4. Counterfeit at sea (5, 7).
6. Storm in weekly journeys (7).
7. Means of saving half a cat with another (8).
8. A litter of Civil Defence papers thrown away (8).
11. Pilot-house scanning a tug? (12).
15. Mark on a poet where the sword is hidden (8).
16. The climber has to yearn to reach the earth (8).
18. Inspect a passage for a leak (7).
19. Iris makes a polite movement with precipitation (7).
20. Name which sounds like a name (6).
21. Begins changing parties (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 406


HOMESPUN SAYERS
A U T N M C Y
MISSOURI BUTLIN
I E M E B S E D
STUPA STREETCAR
H M C T E T O
CHARLATANISM
B S E A S N C E
INTERDICTING
O E N P O S B
SNEERWELL UTTER
C R I D A N R O
ORALLY STACCATO
P G E E E I K
EMENDS ESTRANGE

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIAN
BROADCASTING COMMISSION

DIRECTOR OF
LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT
SYDNEY

SALARY: The engagement will be at £3,752 (Australian) per annum.

DUTIES: The appointee will be required to perform the duties of Director of Light Entertainment with responsibility for devising, planning and supervising within a defined budget the ABC's light entertainment programmes in both radio and television throughout Australia, including variety shows and presentations by dance bands and miscellaneous music groups.

LOCATION: The appointee will be located at the Head Office of the ABC in Sydney.

QUALIFICATIONS: The appointee should have a thorough background of television and radio experience in the light entertainment field with a sound knowledge of popular music in the dance band idiom and of trends in modern broadcasting and should possess an ability to establish harmonious relations with staff and artists.

CLOSING DATE: 2.30 p.m. Friday 10 June 1960.

APPLICATIONS: To: The Overseas Representative, Australian Broadcasting Commission, 54 Portland Place, London, W1, marked 'Application' and 'Confidential' stating age, qualifications and experience, with copies only of references.

CANBERRA UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE
Australia

Applications are ttvited for the following new posts:

SENIOR LECTURER IN ORIENTAL CIVILIZATION

SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN INDONESIAN AND JAVANESE

LECTURER IN GERMAN

LECTURER IN RUSSIAN

In 1960 the College will become part of the Australian National University and its present functions will be continued. Further details of the association are given in the information sheets for applicants.

Salary ranges are now under review. At present they are as follows: Senior Lecturer £A2,152 – 80 – £A2,552; Lecturer £A1,502 – 75 – £A2,102. Commencing salaries will be in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, with whom two copies of each application must also be lodged.

Applications close, in Australia and London, on 16 July 1960.

HEAD OF
CASEWORK DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited by Family Welfare Association for a fully qualified and experienced caseworker, preferably with supervisory experience, to be head of a newly organized department which will contain all of the casework services of the Association. Position will involve planning and development of programmes which include training and experimental use of casework service. Some casework practice, supervision and teaching possible for those interested. An interesting stimulating position for one with initiative and vision. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms available on request to: The Director, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE Victoria Settlement, Liverpool Applications invited for the post of full-time Girls' Club Leader with effect from 1 September 1960. Candidates should possess degree or diploma in Social Science; a diploma or certificate in Youth Leadership or a certificate in Education. Salary based on Burnham scale. Flat at nominal rent available. Further particulars from Hon. Secretary, Victoria Settlement, Netherfield Road North, Liverpool 5, to whom applications should be sent within three weeks of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
SWINTON DAY TRAINING
COLLEGE

Applications are invited for the posts of Lecturers in the following subjects: HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, SCIENCE (Two lecturers required to cover BIOLOGY, PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY and possibly RURAL SCIENCE), PHYSICAL EDUCATION (man and woman), MATHEMATICS, MUSIC, NEEDLEWORK (with an additional craft). Some of these posts may carry the rank of Principal Lecturer or Senior Lecturer (Salary: £1,600 x £50 – £1,800 for men; £1,500 x £50 – £1,700 for women plus equal pay increments), Senior Lecturer (Salary: £1,370 x £35–£1,600 for men; £1,270 x £35–£1,500 for women with equal pay increments) and Lecturer (Salary: £980 x £32 10s. – £1,370 for men; £930 x £32 10s. – £1,270 for women with equal pay increments).

This temporary Day Training College, which will be housed in good, new school buildings, and is within easy travelling distance of Doncaster, Mexborough, Barnsley, Rotherham and Sheffield, will be opened to receive its first intake of students in January 1961.

Candidates should have had successful experience in school or College and the posts should offer good experience for those wishing to enter Training College work.

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE

Applications are invited for the post of RESEARCH ASSISTANT in SOCIAL SCIENCE in the Department of Economics and Social Science from 1 October 1960. Salary £675 per annum (subject to review). Six copies of applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, University College, Cardiff, not later than 20 June 1960.

UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of German which will become vacant on 30 September next.

Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom appins must be sent by 30 June 1960.

CASEWORK CONSULTANT

Applications are invited by the Family Welfare Association for a fully qualified and experienced caseworker with supervisory and preferably some teaching experience to work with members of the casework staff consulting upon casework practice and assisting the Head of the Casework Department on maintaining standards of work. Duties will involve giving direct casework supervision in some cases, consulting with agency supervisors upon caseloads and conducting discussion groups and other classes designed to raise standards of work. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms available on request to: The Director, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. VICtoria 9717/9

OFFICE Assistant wanted by Voluntary Society; sh.-typing & some bookkeeping. Age immaterial. Intg work. No Sats. Short hours, good holidays. Box 5056.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Professor of Education. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Education. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,784 per annum and is at present under review. FSSU type superannuation is available; study leave one year after each six years of service; finance is available to buy or build a home. Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications will close in Australia and London on 27 June 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer and Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. The salary scale for a Senior Lecturer is £1,750 per annum, rising by two annual increments of £100 and one increment of £50 to £2,000 per annum, and for a Lecturer £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary in each case will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for each appointee, his wife and his dependent children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 July 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in Accountancy. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have had practical experience of accounting and some knowledge of public accounting would be an advantage. University training and teaching experience is desirable but not essential. The salary range is from £1,750 to £2,000 (the intermediate steps being 2 × £100 and 1 × £50); the initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have an honours degree in Philosophy. A special interest or qualification in either Logic or the Philosophy of Science or the History of Ideas is desirable, though not essential. The salary will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children together with actual removal expenses within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 18 July 1960.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Directors of Examinations (1) English (2) Classics (3) Modern Studies. Pensionable posts in the Civil Service Commission, London, for men or women with good honours degree in (post 1) English, (post 2) Classics or (post 3) Philosophy, Politics, Economics, Geography, or Law. The first two posts fall vacant because the present holders have been appointed to university lectureships, the third is a new post. For all posts, good experience of teaching in universities or schools desirable; experience of examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level, interviewing, and administrative work concerned with recruitment. Selection by interview in mid-July. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,110 (age 28) – £1,935. Teaching service may be aggregated with civil service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5136/60. Closing date 17 June 1960.

THE University of Sheffield Institute of Education Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in the Institute of Education to begin duties on 1 September 1960. The successful candidate will be required to specialise in the field of English and 'culture and environment' studies in the secondary school, with particular emphasis on work with less academic children; and to take a large share in conducting the Institute's discussion groups and short courses for teachers. Good teaching experience is essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £1,050 × 50-1,400 × 75-1,850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 13 June 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Africa, the Middle East or the Indian area). Salary scale: £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent by 27 June 1960, to Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ON the edge of the Cotswolds in glorious country there is a real job to be done by the right people. 3 Housemistresses and Third-in-charge needed at Bowden Hall Approved School, Upton St Leonards, Glos. for re-organisation into family groups. They require sympathy and understanding of the difficulties of adolescent girls whose freedom has been curtailed. These girls badly need help and imaginative activities in their spare time. Resident Kitchen Instructress also required to take charge of menu-planning, cooking of school meals and training of small groups in institutional cookery. Anyone prepared to meet this challenge apply: the Children's Officer, St John's Lane, Gloucester, giving full details. Salary according to qualifications and experience.

LONDON County Council. Tudor School, Queen's Head Street, N1. Mistress as Deputy Head (£380 allowance) required as soon as possible to work with new headmaster: opportunity for women of initiative and vision interested in the whole field of secondary education. School at present in Burnham group XV (942 boys and girls), the roll will probably increase when new buildings are completed in a few years' time. Closing date 15 June 1960. (1466)

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited from women for residential post of teacher or supervisor at Remand Home for 19 girls, near Chelmsford. Ability to teach simple handwork and to provide other organised activities and games for girls. Also general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £216 per year for extraneous duties less £135 board and lodging. Salary for supervisor within the range of £560-£640 per year less £120 board and lodging. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

A LARGE co-educational Boarding School requires Assistant Matrons for Junior houses (30 children each); one now, others September. School situated on main London/Cambridge line on edge of Garden City. Assistant Matrons work under House Mother. Previous experience not essential, but interest in children and domesticity desirable. Opportunity for joining in community life of school. Applications to Headmaster, St Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts.

CLERICAL assistant (part-time) required for psychiatric research investigation in Croydon area. Good shorthand and typing speeds; varied and interesting work. Hours by arrangement. Salary according to hours and experience. Apply in first instance to the Secretary, The Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. (Ref: MRC/H) giving full details of qualifications and experience.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Music Assistant in Cardiff. Candidates must be experienced musicians with thorough knowledge of choral and orchestral repertoire. Knowledge of Welsh music and Welsh language essential and ability to arrange and orchestrate desirable. Duties will include programme building, auditioning, and production under supervision of the Head of Welsh Music. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.264 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE Fabian Commonwealth Bureau is shortly appointing an Assistant Secretary. Applications sought from convinced Socialists with administrative capacity and interest in Commonwealth and colonial affairs. Experience of Africa an advantage. Write immediately for particulars and application forms, which should be obtained by 10 June, to Acting General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

CHILD Care Officer (woman) required for Home Counties area, holding Social Science and/or HO Certificate Child Care. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistence allowance. Salary within APT Grade 1 according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, qualifications and experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, London, WC1.

QUALIFIED Psychiatric Social Workers required for six half-days a week by LCC at each of two schools for maladjusted children, Fernhurst School, Maidenhead, Berks. and Dromenagh School, Iver Heath, Bucks. Duties mainly involve visiting children's homes in London. Whitley salary and conditions. Married women eligible. Particulars and form, returnable by 27 June, from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/1373/6), County Hall, London, SE1.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by LCC as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Fulham Chest Clinic, Seagrave Road, SW6. Must possess Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate. Married women eligible. £679 (at age 24) – £884, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary fund for benefit of patients. Form from Divisional Medical Officer, (D1/NS/1298/6), 133 Fulham Palace Road, W6. Closing date 20 June.

ASSISTANT for homes Department in well-known Voluntary Society dealing with Homes for Gentlepeople. Candidates should have experience in Social Service, degree preferred but not essential. Work calls for wisdom, understanding and experience. Salary according to present day scale. Box No. 3425, c/o Charles Barker & Sons Ltd, Gateway House, EC4.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Organiser (5-day week) required, late July, at Presbyterian Settlement, 58 East India Dock Road, Poplar, E14. Busy office, interesting work, 2 part-time Assistants. Salary accdg to experience. Apply to Warden.

SELFRIDGES SALE

Temporary Staff

MEN & Women available for full-time temporary employment until at least the 9th July are invited to join the selling staff.

THE Selfridge Sale attracts large numbers of the public to the Store and in consequence selling staff have outstanding opportunities for earning high commission in addition to their basic salary.

Apply in person to the Staff Office (Fifth Floor)

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400 Oxford Street, W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HILL End Hospital, St Albans, Herts (For mental and nervous disorders). Psychologist, full-time or part-time, required for adult work at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, and naming 2 referees to the Hospital Secretary as soon as possible.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs requires Assistant Warden (female) at Avon Tyrrell, Holiday, Conference and Training Centre for 80 young people, near Christchurch, Hampshire. Residential experience and ability to drive a car essential. Permanent appointment or for remainder of summer season only if desired. Apply to NAMC & GC, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W1.

YOUTH Leaders. Two leaders are required by Manchester University Settlement for work in its clubs. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in youth work, including work with those of school age. Further details from the Secretary, University Settlement, 20 Every Street, Manchester 4.

CLUB Leader for large London Youth Centre. Salary £550-£650. Box 4894.

HOUSEPARENT required mid-July, young adult, spastic centre, near London. Good holidays, congenial surroundings, salary scale, joint council local authorities. Box 5040.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. (Co-educational boarding school with own farm. 60 pupils). Geography master needed for September. Scope for initiative, good coast for geologists. Burnham scale, Government superannuation. Apply in writing to the Principals, enclosing curriculum vitae and testimonials.

SEPT. or Jan. Keen teacher of Science, (pref. Biology) and Maths, for small lively co-ed. boarding school in Scotland. Good residential job for interested couple with family school age. Partner qualified and willing to make worthwhile contribution to life of progressive school community. Real interest in education essential. Box 4873.

PARTNERSHIP offered. Principal of new Co-educational Boarding School wishes to attract good qual. Teacher (man or woman) with or without some capital to invest to join in building up a vital, lively, educational establishment. Box 4457.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 & 40, to teach English to summer course on Suffolk coast from 20 July, or before, until 1 September. Degree and experience essential. Salary according to experience. Box 5034.

MARKET Investigations Ltd have two vacancies for women analysis executives in their twenties or thirties, with responsibility for tabulating market research surveys. Market research experience is not essential but applicants should have an aptitude for figures. These positions, which are progressive, carry a starting salary of £500-£600 plus a 6-monthly bonus. Please write, with full details to Mrs Elizabeth Barlow, Market Investigations Ltd, 1 & 2 Berners St, London, W1.

INTER-University Jewish Federation invites applications for newly created post of National Organising Secretary. Preferably young graduate experienced in student activities, typing ability an advantage. After trial period, two year engagement renewable only for further two years. Good salary according to qualifications. Person graduating this year would be considered. Applications, in writing, giving full details to: 1 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

MEDICAL School requires Secretary for Professor of Psychology. Interesting work involving organising capacity, initiative and ability to deal with people, as well as good shorthand and typing speeds. Initial salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Salary scale £562 to £705. Superannuable appointment. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from The Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (Ref. P.).

EDITORIAL Assistant required, familiar with building construction and cost analysis, to be responsible for the publication of architects' designs in The Architects' Journal. Please apply to the Executive Editor, 9 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

FEMALE Private Secretary required by Balding & Mansell Printers in Wisbech. Interesting, well-paid post. 5 day week. Applicants must be over 25 years of age, and experienced in shorthand/typing. Applications in writing to Personnel Officer, Park Works, Wisbech. Interviews in Wisbech or London.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted a week or more, 10 to 5 or longer hours. Also many good permanent posts. Individual attention. Victoria Agency, 1 Strutton Ground, SW1. VIC. 2888.

SECRETARY 25/35 (female, single), good education, required for Jewish Charity Organisation, interesting and progressive post, good salary. Write Box 4910.

WELL-known West End Concert Agency requires Secretary/Assistant with knowledge of German, used to taking responsibility and working own initiative. Hours 10 to 5.30, aft. Sats. Box 5080.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BIRKENHEAD & District Co-operative Party invite applications for the post of Secretary/Organiser. A thorough knowledge of the Co-operative Movement, Co-operative Party, Election Law and Procedure is essential. Salary – £660 to commence with two annual increments of £50 to £760. Forms of application obtainable from the Personnel Manager, Co-operative Society, 14 Catherine Street, Birkenhead, which must be returned not later than Saturday, 11 June.

ASSISTANT (female), 21 – 35, wanted for Secretary in architect's office. Job: accounts, job progress, salaries. Some experience in book-keeping necessary. Pleasant atmosphere. Good salary. LV's, no Sats. Holiday honoured. Write briefly – Architects' Co-Partnership, 44 Charlotte St, London, W1.

TATE Gallery. Secretary 23/30 required with office experience and basic knowledge of art. Apply Publications Dept.

WORLD-wide Jewish news agency requires Editorial Secretary. Five-day week. Interesting work. Box 4970.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN 5181) invites applications for the following staff vacancies. (a) Personal Secretary to a Minister. (b) Shorthand-Typist for Organising Secretary. Interesting work, pleasant offices and congenial conditions. Apply Assistant Secretary.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant, lady 35-45, required to run Temporary Section of small, selective West End Staff Bureau: excellent prospects. Box 5081.

GERMAN shorthand typist for Lawyer's office wtd. Hrs. 9-5, salary £11. Apply Dr Kraft, 7 Kingsmead, New Barnet, Herts

TEMP. secretary 20/35, gd speeds & intelligence, reqd for interesting work Travel Office nr Baker St Stn. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

PERSONAL Secretary reqd by national medical organisation. Age 21-30 yrs. Attractive conditions & salary offered to applicant with initiative. Tel. MUS. 5626.

SECRETARY, efficient shorthand-typist, with some years experience wanted for interesting and responsible position in advertising firm. Pleasant office near Finchley Rd and West Hampstead Tube Stns. No Sats. Holidays this year. Please ring MAlda Vale 9806 or evgs MAlda Vale 0338

P.A./Secretary, 25/35, for Managing Director. Fluent French (English mother tongue). Salary to £750. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARIES – Shorthand Typists – Have you a week or more to spare? If so, make it pay! See Sybil Topham about temporary work at Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

CONTEMPORARY Temporaries and Pertinent Permanents find their well paid vocation at The Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

BUSY father with sons 11 (at boarding school) and 5 (at school daily) requires from August, Housekeeper to run his own family flat, 40 miles London. Vegetarian; Nature Cure approach to health. Suitable for capable woman seeking to make a permanent home for own child. Good educational facilities nearby. Apply BM/EQMS, London, WC1.

HOUSEKEEPER required for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration & accommodation. Box 4797.

MOTHER'S Help – Young family from overseas holidaying in Brighton seek Mother's Help for summer holidays from July for children aged 5 and 3. Please write to Box NS.297, c/o 191 Gresham House, EC2.

LADY required for very light post, completely furnished independent bedsitter & pocket money offered in return. No cooking, companionship, or rough work required. Box 4960.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MIDDLE-aged woman, cultural interests, offers part-time service Mon.-Fri., remun. not primary importance; reception, typing, geriatric, bilingual. Box 5001.

BOOKSELLERS & Publishers. Young man (32) single, sks. position with Booksellers or Publishers. Previous exp. in both fields. Box 4918.

TEACHER (f, 29), good Hons Degree (Germ., Fr.) sks. post London area; teaching, translg, anthing consid. Box 4834

QUALIFIED young woman teacher (22) desires job Paris, teaching English, help in house. James, 35 Hornton St, W8.

SPANIARD, young, seeks job London. Anything considered. French/English/Spanish. Box 4846.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

OVERLOOKING river. Single room. Furn. kit. & bath combd, heatg, ckg, light. £3 per week incl. Tel. PUT. 4148.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

ADJOINING Hampstead Heath: S/c. furn. flat, in quiet prof. house. Large double bed-sit., large kit.-din., bath, WC. Suitable married couple. 5½ gns. Box 4989.

WEST Hampstead. Large divan room, use kitchen, close bus & tube. Colonial students welcomed. CUN. 0462.

VICTORIAN working class Blackheath. Quiet 4-rmd furn. flat. 5 gns. Box 4895

LARGE sunny furn. attic containing sink & elec. cooker, W11 district, £13 monthly. Free 1 July. Box 5007.

MAN required to share pleasant flat, Maida Vale, with artist (45). Terms moderate. Box 4954.

2 Rooms, cloakroom & balcony in private house W6 to let to one person. Use k., b., garden, tel. RIV. 8176 after 5.

FURN. s/c. gdn flat nr Olympia. 2 rms, k., b., tel. Baby welc. 5 gns. Box 5052.

S/C unf. sunny flat, 3 rms, k., b. Hampstead nr tube. 3-yrs lse. SWI 3592 evgs

LARGE bed-sit., good kit.-din.-room, bath & lav., newly dec., furn., 20 mins Victoria/L. Bridge. Box 5050

NO other agent in Hampstead and North West London provides such extensive facilities at low cost as Personal Accommodation Services Ltd., who see every property, operate a call service and remove your baggage 28, Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

DOUBLE b/s. room, kit., share bath in quiet house. LAD. 3031.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful lge single b/s. rm, 4 gns. p.w. inc. serv. PRI. 0488.

MAN (40) offers another share of flat, SW17. £12 p. month. BALham 5681.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO 2634.

FURN. 3 bed-roomed house nr Richmond & river. Garage, garden. 26 July to 2 Sept. 8 gns p.w. Box 5051.

HINDHEAD. In attractive house with garden: furnished rooms, use of kitchen. Garage available. Tel. 548.

CARAVAN, posh, in orchard behind cntry pub. N. Kent downs. 2 dble, 1 sgle beds. NS free ev. Fri. S.a.e. Box 5044

EDGWARE. Furnished semi-det. house, garage, 8 gns p.w. STO. 6253.

JUNE/July seaside house to let owing unavoidable cancellation. Sleep 5/6, nr beach. Bliss, Hudson's Bay, Ventnor.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

JAMAICAN family 5 req. holiday accom. London 22 June end Aug. Box 5076.

YOUNG consultant designer urgently reqs spacious accom. SW Lon. Unfashionable neighbourhd pref. No capital avail. but wd like to improve property at own expense from practical interior designing experience. Refs exch. Box 4857.

QUIET, unglamorous newlyweds require furn. small flat from July. Privacy & lack of restriction essential. Box 4760.

GRADUATE, Jewish, male, mid-20's, wishes to share flat with another (others), Victoria to Hampstead. Box 5047.

YOUNG artist seeks quiet studio accom. Anything considered. Box 4879.

WANTED July, 3/4 rooms, bath – furnished or partly furnished. Good rent paid. Immediate vicinity Eton Ave., Belsize Park Gdns, NW3. Box 4660.

CENTRAL London. Unfurnished one-room flat with central heating required. Quiet, responsible woman tenant. Box 4919.

FOR American author, furn. house cen. Rye, Hastings July-Oct. Hodge, 6 Lancaster Rd, Wimbledon, SW19. WIM. 4101

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FREEHOLD new contemp. house in delightful orchard, Sissinghurst, Kent, £3,850. 3 bedrooms, garage. Details: 37 Newton Road, W2. BAYswater 8959.

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MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

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JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8 WES 5809

TRANSLATIONS: Engl.-German, Ger.-Engl. Ley, 54 Manchester St, WEL 1739

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

SUMMERHILL School has a few vacancies. Self-government. Freedom but not licence. GCE. Co-ed. of course. Very moderate fees. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. 'Phone 40.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—contd from p.840

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Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

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The Austrian countryside looks wonderful at blossomtime and everybody is ready to welcome the first visitors! There are endless holiday possibilities for those who like walking, swimming, sunbathing, and for those who enjoy good music and are interested in sightseeing. Even a visit to the Oberammergau Passion Play is possible on certain dates! Write for details of our Austrian holiday arrangements including House Parties, Painting Holidays etc. Costs from 19 gns.

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ATHENS £22 return. Students to make up group for travel only. 17 July-14 Aug. Rich, 45 Kersley St, SW11. BAT. 7497.

GOING to Italy? Consult the Independent Travel Service, specialists in Italian resorts big and small to suit all tastes. We only recommend hotels and pensions inspected by us. Write: ITS, Cas. Post. 120, Rapallo, Italy.

COACH Trip to Literary Places in Soviet Union, 16 July-8 August. £48. A few seats vacant. Details from Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

1960 Guide des Logis de France now available 7s. 6d. (8s. 3d. post free): Contours Ltd, 72 Newman St, London, W1

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' reports on the goods you may want to buy. The reports are based on independent, scientific tests, and are objective and impartial. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association. Annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

C. DAY Lewis, R. S. Thomas, Paul Potts, Hugh MacDiarmid, Jon Silkin, John Heath-Stubbs, contribute poems to 'Stand' vol. 4 no. 2. Now out. Also a chapter from Litvinoff's distinguished novel 'The Lost Europeans', 'Huggy Bear', a short story by David Mercer. Articles and Reviews. From bookshops or subscriptions 10s. p.a. (USA and Canada $2.50). 144 Otley Road, Leeds 16, Yorks.

JUNE 'Labour Monthly'. Summit and After, R. Palme Dutt; What's This About Korea?, D. N. Pritt, QC; Men of Metal on the Move, Vulcan. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yr, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

HOMOSEXUALITY. 'Forbidden Freedom' (Linden Press, 12s. 6d.). A reasoned and moving argument for a reform of the law by Aymer Roberts, whose autobiography, 'Judge Not' (16s.) provoked widespread interest. Booksellers, or 14 Stanhope Mews West, SW7.

A. & N. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow

QUALITY American paperbacks. All subjects. Lists from Dept 2, Trans-Atlantic Book Serv. Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, mss; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1

PERSONAL

WANTED to join up with young couple with 3 year-old child, another similar family or mother and child. Own rooms, communal kit. etc., in large maisonette W2. Cheap to congenial people. Box 4975.

IN view of the high cost of accommodation, mother of two children (4½ & 6) wishes to meet someone willing to pool resources NW London. Own financial limit 4 gns per week. Box 4976.

SWEDISH girl student, 17 years, seeks 'au pair' 2 months look after children: no pocket money. Box 4971.

RIVIERA 5/26 July. Will quiet lady 30/40 share tiny, fairytale house? Paradise. Moderate cost. Box 5023.

PARIS 16. Pleasant 7th flr furn. double bed-sit. rm & kitchenette (h&c) avail. 10 July-14 Sept. £3 p.w. Mrs. Loutit, 27 rue General Delestraint, Paris 16.

PROFESSIONAL couple living abroad req furn. flat in London for four weeks' visit from 11 September. Box 5009.

COTT. to let 16 July-2 Aug. Warwick vill. All cons, 2 bedrms. Harbury 365.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? ask Phon. Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

TEACHER - Governess. Young lady, trained and highly qualified for girl 13, in Teheran, write Mrs Y., 9 Fitzmaurice Place, W1.

VIENNESE student wishes situation as Tutor July to Sept. Au pair. Box 4951.

ANY young people interested in helping to form discussion group for literature and music apply: Box 4952.

SPAIN: August, late September, 2 furnished houses available, Santander. Ideal family holiday. Box 4887.

CRI de coeur – Accountant transferred London seeks unfurnished house to rent, preferably, not necessarily Essex. Max. rent £300 p.a. Box 4953.

GOING abroad? Share the Ride Ltd introduces car drivers with spare seats to those looking for cheaper travel. Expenses shared. Write 9 Church Street, London, W4.

LECTURER (English), abroad, desires London flat during July or August. Box 5049.

ATHENS: Two seats available new Cambridge lvg 4 July, Vienna, Belgrade, return Dubrovnik, Venice. Box 5070.

IS any London reader of this journal, preferably living near Lewisham, willing to offer a foster home to a lively, attractive, intelligent West Indian girl of 4½ years, frustrated by partial deafness and urgently in need of individual attention. Write to the London County Council, Area Children's Officer, (SDO/NS/1319/6), 106 Weston Street, London, SE1.

A COMFORTABLE home for two. Fully equipped motor vessel for sale at Twickenham. £675. M. V. Prudence, Dock & Slipway, Eel Pie Island, Twickenham.

SHARE of pleasant flat NW3 offered by young prof. man (30's) to another congenial man in 20's or 30's. Box 5079.

WOULD you like to come with us to the Dalmatian Coast? We want to make up 16 men and girls for a cheap summer holiday. £29 10s. all-in. Box 4990.

CIVILIZED American (m.) will share large Haarlem houseboat for summer months with quiet single Englishman. Own cabin. £4 weekly. John Dillon, Spaarne 55, Haarlem, Holland.

YOUNG Viennese, 16, architect's son, intelligent & house-trained, wishes to spend summer holiday (July or Aug.) with English family. Paying guest or exchange (winter holiday in Austrian Alps). Reply: Prof. Dr Schwanzer, Wien, Seilergasse 16.

ACTORS (amateur) required for Shakespearian, 16th and 17th century drama. Well est. group, professional director. C. London. High standard. Details: Box NS 496 LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

SALE of imported Russian Records to make way for new titles now at docks. LPs going at half price. Richter, Rostropovitch, Dolukhanova etc. Collets Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St, WC1.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

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PERSONAL—continued

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, London, WC2. TEM. 2545.

TOUR to Venice 10-30 June by convertible. Congenial companion sought by artist (f.) and brother. SW1. 3500.

TELEVISION. Buy a 'Blab-Off' and cut out all noise from advertisements. Price £1. Write: A. E. Cope, 93 Ebury Buildings, Ebury Square, London, SW1.

HOLIDAYS in woodland property (800ft) Chilterns; English children (ages 6-16) welcomed to mix with small group children from France (same ages) from 26 July for one month. Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Ave, NW3.

WELL-established author gives expert help expanding theme, developing plots. Box 4819.

IF you think Nature Cure is just diet or just a fad, write to The Secretary, The Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

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PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept, C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help (3) also paying sm contrib f bd & lodg and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

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FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 booklets 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

HERMIONE Gingold invites you to an orgy hearing her latest LP which includes 'The Borgias are having an orgy', 'Which Witch', 'But the people were nice', 'Spin', etc. Available only from Ascroft & Daw (NS), 83 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. Price 47s. 2d. post free.

PERSONAL—continued

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GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnaknv, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

WHEN truth may be buried in prejudice, the Progressive League keeps it alive. Write: (N4), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

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RYE, Simon the Piesman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel.: Rye 2207.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508

CHAGFORD. The centre for Devon in the centre of Devon. Illus. Guide 1s. from Dept 'E', Hotels Assn, Chagford

COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. from 23 July in simple country hse, lovely valley. 8 gns. From mid-Sept. 7 gns. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2093 evgs.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d., post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

OLD English comfort and Scandinavian cuisine at the Half Moon, former 15th Cent. coaching inn, in historic Clare, Suffolk. 8 gns p.w. 10 June-2 July & after 24 Aug. available.

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DON Giovanni film of 1957 Salzburg production shown by The London Opera Club at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, on Monday 13 June, 7 p.m. Tickets 7s. 6d. through Hon. Sec., 37 Kingswood Court, NW6 (MAI. 0058). For information about membership apply to the Hon. Sec.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Trip to the Castle'. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. 7th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30 S. 5. 8.15. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros'. Produced by Orson Welles. Transferring to Strand Theatre 8 June.

TH. Royal. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5.0. 8.0. 'Ned Kelly', dir. by Joan Littlewood.

TOWER. 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 June, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 performances 'Drama in the Making'. 7.45. Mems. 17 June, 'The Seagull'.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Immortal Land (U) & Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 12 June: Première of 'Sergei Eisenstein – Film Biography' (U). 'We are the Lambeth Boys' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S recent publications by Ben Nicholson, Klee, Corot, Picasso on show at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Essays in Movement. Reliefs by Mary Martin, Mobiles by Kenneth Martin. Pre-view for members to be opened by J. P. Hodin, Wed. 8 June at 6 p.m. 9 June-2 July. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free.

AUSTRIAN Paintg & Sculpture 1900-1960 Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1 Till 4 June Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings and Drawings from Christ Church, Oxford, an Exhibition in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Admission: 2s 6d Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1 Until 11 June 142 New Bond Street, W1

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5 Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SICKERT Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery Till 19 June Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall' Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Roy de Maistre: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1917-60. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed 4-6 June incl. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Reg Butler – Sculpture & Drawings. Opening Thursday, 9 June. Until 8 July. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Marcelle Cahn – Paintings. From 11 June. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Ivon Hitchens. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Meylan: sculpture, Pillet: paintings. Till 25 June, 10-6.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Horace Brodzky, Raymond Hitchcock. Until 2 July. Daily incl. Sat. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery, 44 South Molton St, W1. E. R. Nele: Sculpture. Until 18 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1 MAYfair 4419. Chabrillan. Paintings. Paysages Imaginaires Chenard. Recent Gouaches. 23 May-11 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Paintings & Gouaches. Colin Garland. 26 May-18 June.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ERNEST JONES LECTURE 1960

A Public Lecture entitled
'DISPOSITION AND MEMORY'
will be given by Prof. STUART HAMPSHIRE, under the auspices of the British Psycho-Analytical Society, on Wednesday, 15 June, at 8.30 p.m. at the Royal Society of Medicine, 1 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. E. Hardy on 'The Policy of the SPGB'. Wed. 8 June, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

NLR History of Socialism discussion group. Tues. 7 June, 8 p.m. Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Charles Taylor: Principles & Problems of Socialism

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq., SW1. Lecture by Mercedes Salisachs on 'Mi novela 'Una mujer llega al pueblo' ' on 9 June at 6 p.m.

THE Meaning of Redemption for Today, A Psycho-Analytical View: Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, SW1. Wednesday, 8 June, 8 p.m.

FORUM: Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Next mtg 'The Problems of Social, Economic and Political Development in Argentina', by Mr G. Selser. Fri. 10 June, 7.45 p.m. at Student Movement House, 103 Gower St, WC1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 3 June, 8 p.m. Serge Lifar: 'Diaghilev, Golden Age of Russian Ballet' Fri. 10 June, 8 p.m. F. Samson: 'View of Russian Literature'.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Michael Howard on Defence. Crown P.H., Blackheath Village, 8 p.m., Fri. 10 June.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. Paul Derrick and Frank Jackman on 'Is Common Ownership consistent with Personal Liberty?' Thurs. 9 June, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

PROF. Bernal Science and Society in China. Questions and discussion Hampstead Town Hall, Wed. 8 June, 8 p.m. Admission 1s. Hampstead BCFA

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public lecture Wed. 8 June, 6.30: 'Spiritual Practices in Tibetan Buddhism', The Lama Anagarika Govinda. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT 1313.

ADLERIAN Society: 'Applied Psychology in the Education of Young Africans': James Hemming, BA, Ph.D. 7 June, 7.30 p.m. punctually at Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-mems 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.).

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 5 June, 6.30, Music and Readings, 7 p.m. 'Initiative': H. J. Blackham.

IIWC. Public Lecture. Free. J. W. Leslie, Secretary of British Esperanto Assocn, 'Esperanto and World Understanding'. 8.30 Fri. 10 June. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'MAN: Creator, Preserver, Destroyer'. Public lecture, 5 June, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

RVEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 7.30 Kingsway Hall, 9 June, P. D. Mehta, MA (Guest Speaker): 'The Silence'. 16 June, Swami Ghanananda: 'Value of Indian Psychology for the West'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

POETRY with Patric Dickinson. Weekend residential course. 8-10 July. Three guineas inclusive. Exploring Somerset with visits and talks. 15-22 August. Ten guineas inclusive. Details from the Deputy Warden, College for Adult Education, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset

MOOR Park College. 5-7 July: Living in Retirement. 22-24 July: Russian Music of the 19th and 20th Centuries (Bernard Stevens). Programmes from the Warden, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey. (Tel: 6401).

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S Devon

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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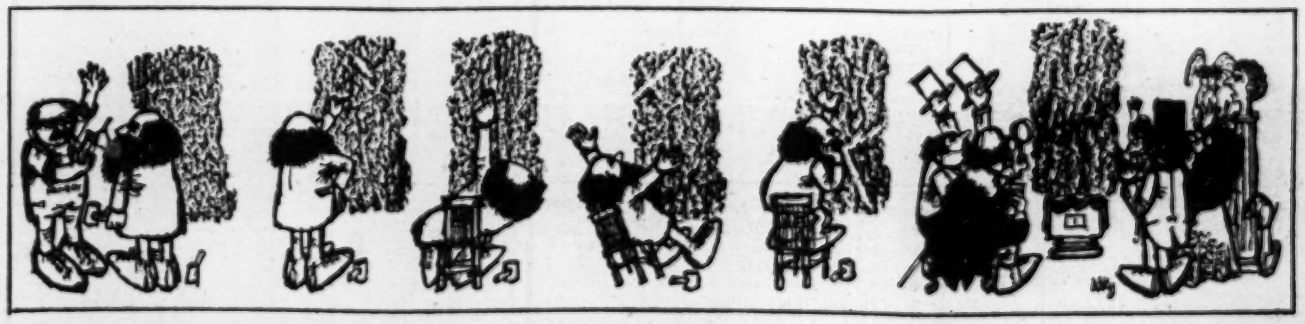

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